



woroni

Issue 10 vol 54 november 2009

CHIFLEY REFURBISHMENT PROJECT

Creating a better and safer building for you and future Users to enjoy

STUDYING FOR EXAMS?

The Division of Information has the following facilities available for use.

- The Library - JB Chifley building, WK Hancock building, RG Menzies building, the Law Library, Music Library, Art Library, and Science Branch Libraries.

Opening hours: <http://anulib.anu.edu.au/libserv/open/>

- Information Commons Computer Facilities
<http://infocommons.anu.edu.au>
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Phone: 6125 9666

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JB CHIFLEY BUILDING CLOSURE 25 DECEMBER 2002 - 12 JANUARY 2003 (Approximately).

As part of the refurbishment process, the JB Chifley building will be closed during this period to allow work to be carried out at the entrance of the building. This work will include replacement of the front doors, knocking down some brick work and installation of new glass windows.

Access to materials within the JB Chifley building will be by a process of staff collection. This collection service will commence on Thursday 2 January 2003 and will conclude when the building reopens. Orders for materials can be lodged at the WK Hancock building, or via the web. Materials can be returned via the after hours return chute available at the JB Chifley building.



THE AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL UNIVERSITY
DIVISION OF INFORMATION



ANU Careers Centre

www.anu.edu.au/careers

6125 3593

Arts Centre Laneway
(opposite the Gods Cafe)

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Now's the time to find out how the Careers Centre can help you.

Come in and find out about recruitment for 2004 graduate positions, job search, resumes, interview skills and more.

Information Session

Environment Institute of Australia (EIA)

Discover the EIA and learn about current job prospects in the field.

7 Nov 11am-12pm

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Are you looking for work experience?

The Higher Education Workplace Skills Olympiad (HEWSO) will be held in Feb 2003 and is a great opportunity for students to work with a public or private sector organisation on a business problem.

Last year the ANU team were Highly Commended for their project for Environment Australia. Visit their website at <http://www.anu.edu.au/careers/hewso/insight/>

The HEWSO competition is open to students from all disciplines who will complete their studies in 2003. To be a part of the ANU team pick up a registration form from the Careers Centre or register via the Gradlink website <http://www.gradlink.com.au/>

All Seminars and Workshops are held in the Careers Centre
To register or find out more visit our website and register on CareerHub.



insomnia

50 northbourne ave. civic 6248 0102

Comedy Club

Every Wednesday night

Nov 6th :: James Smith	Dec 4th :: Tom Gleason
Nov 13th :: Tommy Dean	Dec 11th :: Adam Hills
Nov 20th :: Subby Valentine + Ciel [double act]	Dec 18th :: Dave Callan
Nov 27th :: Chris Wainhouse	Dec 31st :: Chris Franklin

DI's

Sat Nov 2nd :: Syd's Jason Sole aka THE SOLEMAN	
Sat Nov 16th :: Nick Skitz launch of the new skitzmix 13	
Sat Nov 30th :: Dave Austin, the hard hitting legend	
Sat Dec 14th :: Alex K returns for a second go!	

Tuesday 31st Dec [] NEW YEARS EVE []

Comedian Chris Franklin to get you in a party mood, followed by the legendary Rob Brizzi to lead us through the night.

Something Different

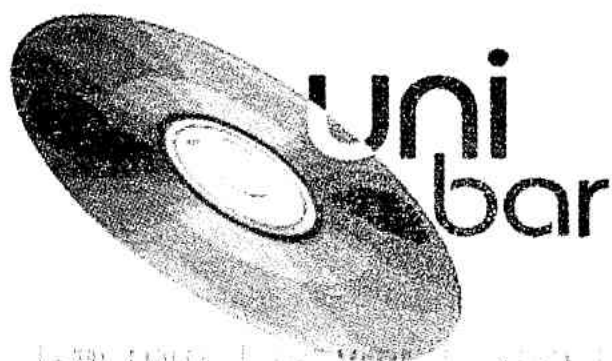
The Australian Swimwear Model of the Year

Heats 14th, 21st 28th Nov

Miss Hawaiian Tropic :: World's biggest swimwear comp

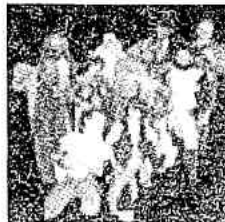
Heats 5th, 12th 19th Dec





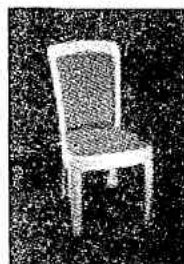
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indulgent and proud.
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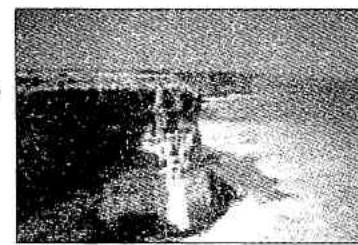
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RUSKI PRESENTS

07 NOV DIRTY LUCY

08 NOV SPINAFEX
& agency dud collective

10 NOV MIDNIGHT OIL
diesel & sneak

14 NOV ROCK 4 LIFE
the mighty few, random & vision

15 NOV RED ROCKET

16 NOV FANG

22 NOV BENT HEN
lagosta & force of habit

30 NOV SASHA

Every Wednesday @ 5pm
pool comp & joker poker

Tickets now on sale @ student union office

editors: miranda tetlow, merryn spencer, lexi metherell and amber beavis

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thanks to: as per usual, michelle mcwilliam, professor jim davis, anyone who contributed bright ideas for this issue, the people who stood by us in the censorship debate, alcohol for numbing the pain, izumi and sizzle bento for feeding starving editors at a cheap price and all the housemates, friends and family who have put up with us over the last year. we have been an obnoxious, self absorbed and manic lot, and our love and gratitude goes out to you.

no thanks to: the guy at mac's liquor who was rude to us when we asked for a bottle of frangellico at 10.30 on a sunday night. you think you can be a fuckwit just because you work in deathly retail or something? to the evil and inept children who trashed amber's house and stole her fight club video and most conservative jewellery, karma's payment will come your way. no thanks must also go to all the people who generally annoyed the fuck out of us this year and/or wasted our time. see you in hell, assholes. and congratulations once more to the anu sprinklers at 2am, out there doing the hard yards and watering the concrete. it's good to see the lack of grass in union court doesn't deter water output. more power to you guys.

woroni is the official publication of the anu students' association. you can contact us via phone on (02) 6248 7127, fax on (02) 6125 3967 or email at woroni_articles@anu.edu.au or swing by the office in the student services building near chifley library. you won't find any of us however, because as of december one, the tag team changes batons, and we all get to retire, slap each other on the back and reminisce about the best year of woroni yet. ali and thom m, however, will be ready and raring to hear your thoughts, ideas and plans for woroni in 2003. it's your student paper so get involved now! the opinions expressed in woroni are not necessarily those of the editors, or the students' association who are too busy sipping chardonnay. stay special.

i get free tickets for writing this, but i would have bought them anyway
thom mackey

It's going to be summer soon, and we all know what that means: Music festivals. Lots and lots of them. Livid has already been and gone, Homebake is coming up, and then several New Years' celebrations, until finally the biggest festival of them all: The Big Day Out. So far only the first lineup has been released for the biggest gig in the nation, and with fantastic acts such as the Queens of the Stone Age, the Foo Fighters, Wilco, Kraftwerk, PJ Harvey, the Deftones and the Resin Dogs, this year's show is promising to be the biggest one of all.



Although not coming to Canberra directly, there are shows in Sydney (on January 25th) and Melbourne (27th), and with those \$10 bus fares and/or the opportunity for a road trip with all your mates, there's really no excuse to miss it. It's a circus theme this year, which means freak shows, acrobatics, sideshows, rides and the like, all on top of the bands. Those of you who've been to others will know that it's always a great day, and not just because of the music: there's wonderful food to be had, fantastic market stalls and just a great all-round atmosphere. With rumours going around that it may be the last one ever because of the death of Jessica Michalik last year and the huge soar in insurance costs, you'd better get up there to see it while you still can. It is an all-ages show, but alcohol is available on site if you've got I.D. Tickets are \$93 plus booking fee, and are available from Landspeed records in Civic (for Sydney only), Ticketek, and online via the website. Check out

www.bigdayout.com for more info including timetables, maps, free email and all sorts of other goodies!



accc + jcu + tpa = vsu

lexi metherell

The Australian Competition and Consumer Commission is considering a decision which effectively undermines the importance of students' associations and the provision of student services, as well as the representation of students nationwide — a decision which falls in line with the Government's, so far fruitless, attempts to rid Australian campuses of compulsory unionism.

The ACCC has issued a draft decision, which could see voluntary student unionism implemented at James Cook University in North Queensland. If implemented, membership of student unions could drop drastically, and the provision of student services could become inadequate or obsolete.

The ACCC's decision opposes JCU's immunity from legal action, on the grounds that its enrolment requirements breach the Trade Practices Act (1974). The university's condition of enrolment requires that students automatically become members of the

JCU Students' Association upon enrolling — a requirement of most Australian universities, including the ANU.

The decision was drafted after the JCU Students' Association lodged a notification with the ACCC. The notification informed the competition watchdog that the JCU Students' Association was at risk of breaching 'third line forcing' provisions of the TPA — conduct which involves the supply of goods or services on condition that the purchaser acquire a second good or service from another supplier.

If immunity is revoked, JCU has indicated that it will restructure its arrangements so as to avoid breaching the Act. If the Act is enforced, it will become effective from 1 January 2004. The ACCC claims that student services would not be affected, if the decision is implemented, because the university administration would take over the services and collect the fees.

The ACCC argues that freedom of association is more important than the public benefit derived from compulsory student unionism. However, as education officer of the ANUSA Andrew Jory, says, "In charging compulsory fees Student Associations derogate no law or principle of association. This has been recognised by the Supreme Courts of both Victoria and South Australia. Student Associations provide political representation, welfare support, advocacy and community building activities. Members rights are safeguarded in the same way as in all democratic institutions in this country, that is by voting."

The ACCC is currently accepting submissions on the likely public benefit and detriment of the compulsory student unionism before it makes a final decision. For more information, please contact Andrew Jory, who is running the SA campaign, on sa.education@anu.edu.au.

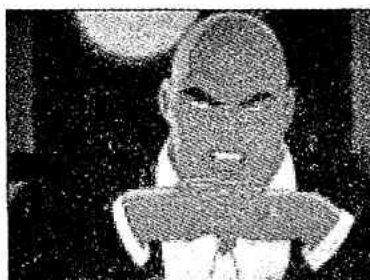
law students do something for others

nad na gerc

You had better sit down. After years of pretending to be selfish, money seeking ladder-climbers, ANU's law students have revealed themselves to be the sort of kind-hearted, good-doers that we always suspected they would be, were they not so ruthlessly ambitious or enrolled in law. In a joint initiative between the ANU Law Students' Society, Clayton Utz law firm, ACT Legal AID, and the ACT Youth Coalition, the first ACT Youth Community Legal Service will be launched on December 1.

Tired of the image that has long been worn by the ANU's openly mocked (yet soon to be highly paid) law students, the President of the ANU LSS, Charlie Beasley, jumped at the chance to help create a youth legal service. Though it may surprise some of the students who remember with horror his ultra-difficult administrative law course, the proposal was floated to Charlie by ANU law lecturer, John McMillan, who also works for Clayton Utz. The need for an accessible and free youth legal service was glaringly apparent, and the most obvious way to keep costs down and to make the legal world a great deal less intimidating was to use law students teamed up with practicing lawyers. After months of meetings and hard

work it was with some triumph that the proposal was finally approved and premises were found.



The Youth Legal Centre will be located on the Ground Floor of the AusAid building in Civic. The Centre will be open for five hours in the afternoon from Monday to Friday when there will be

at least one lawyer from either ACT Legal Aid or Clayton Utz providing free 30 minute consultations on criminal issues, family issues, discrimination and other matters. Two volunteers from the ANU Law School will be working as paralegals at any one time, doing lots of the dirty work.

That the Law Students' Society has been involved in such a worthwhile project from the very start is something that the LSS President acknowledges with pride. Apart from the legal service being an achievement for the often maligned Society, Charlie was mindful of

the valuable addition the service will be to the community. He said, "The benefits of this program go far and beyond the experience this provides ANU law students in terms of working in a legal centre and dealing with legal problems away from the exam room. The real value of this program is that a service that hasn't adequately been provided in the past is finally going to be instituted, ensuring the youth of the ACT and ANU students have access to free legal advice. The program represents corporate, community and student partners working together to provide legal support to those in the community who are generally unable to access such advice either through lack of resources or basic awareness of their own rights. It's going to be challenging, but we're [the LSS] bloody excited about it."

So while it used to be fun to pay out law students just for being themselves, the next time you do it you might hear a small voice at the back of your brain telling you that maybe they're not quite as evil as Lex Luthor. Although you'll probably hear another voice that telling you that they'll never be as good as Lionel Hutz.



update city, population: you

The news page certainly has come alive with interesting and slightly off the wall articles this year. But the news doesn't end when each issue of *Woroni* goes to print and is distributed to its millions of subscribers. *Woroni* news is living, breathing news, and developments are happening all the time. In a complete rip-off of Oprah's updates of old stories here is a selection of the news of 2002 in retrospect. This is also helpful if you did not read any news stories and would like to appear well informed at dinner parties, ALP branch stacks, and Young Liberals camp. If you like to make reading more like TV you might try playing Barber's Adagio for Strings in the background.

1. Australian Youth Affairs Coalition AGM in Canberra:

At last, a competitor for the reputedly ineffectual Youth Round Table! We reported that this new umbrella national peak youth organisation held its AGM in Canberra in March. Their website has not been updated since August and the news updates page boasts a most recent entry of 1 February 2002. Keep on truckin' guys!

2. ANU student selected as Australian Youth Representative to the UN General Assembly:

The original story took some genuine investigative journalism, and *Woroni* had it even before DEAT. Bec Jenkin, born and raised in Canberra, jetted off to New York, New York in August. After giving a speech to the UN General Assembly, snaking through some tight security to get to work, and overcoming the confusion of having her country of origin listed as "Austria", this little ANU battler networked to the max on some pretty tough issues. Once her UN time is up Bec will be sampling the delights of South America.

3. Education at the Crossroads, Brendan Nelson's report on higher education:

We had the mandatory higher education story, just to prove that *Woroni* was out there mixing it with the MPs and the VCs. The VCs are still united, and most are looking to charge their own rates for courses. Brendan Nelson, we don't know what you're thinking, but *Woroni* predicts that it probably has something to do with screwing students over.

4. Nicotine added to water and sold commercially in the US:

It was a shock to the system when this news article appeared on the *Woroni* computer without any begging or cajoling involved. Apparently the commercially available nicotine water has not taken off in the US. Many suspect that it will be more popular here because it is considered cool by many young Aussies to be seen with a water bottle dangling between your fingers.

5. Widespread cheating at university revealed by university study:

Woroni was as shocked as you were to discover that lots of students cheat their way through Uni. We unintentionally revealed several ways to cheat in that article and *Woroni* apologises. It actually wasn't that

hard to find a cheating student. In recent developments, the unidentified student we interviewed for the story has stopped cheating and joined FOCUS. What have we done?

6. Appetite suppressing hormone found, simultaneously, North Koreans starve:

When the news section grew an ironic conscience, we were expecting fat people to band together and smother *Woroni* with their collective girth. Unfortunately they didn't and the main news story we were hoping to lead the next issue with had to be scrapped. Scientists are still working, and North Koreans are still starving.

7. Free tax help offered to uni students:

This was the easiest story to write, mainly because the ATO emailed it to us and we cut and pasted it onto the page. It is an important service and time is quickly running out. If you have not lodged your tax return by the time you read this *Woroni*, you'd better get thee to a tax agent, quicksmart!

8. ACT Minister appoints youth advisory committee:

A first for the ACT, a gallery of smiling young faces (many of them ANU students) will meet regularly to advise Simon Corbell on problems facing ACT youth, until they become jaded and cynical about the political process. Their first conference was held on the third weekend in October and they had an excellent turnout. Good luck!

9. Song and dance troupe from China's turbulent Xinjiang province hits Canberra:

Peter Annesley sure did a good job with this story, and when he comes back from his sudden trip to rural China, *Woroni* hopes there will be plenty more stories to come. Our apologies to Mr and Mrs Annesley, we are aware that he was your only child.

10. And the story that *Woroni* wanted to print but never actually happened,

ANU offers degree in surfing:

Just like all the other cool and hip universities around Australia, the ANU has finally caved into demand and opened the National Capital's only surfing academy. Members of the Research School for Pacific and Asian Studies were initially disgruntled when they found out that they were being replaced by surfing instructors but once they met them they were so taken by their relaxed and easy attitude that their employment concerns washed away like sand on the shore. Former Professor of Pacific Economics, Randy Walken, was quoted as saying, "Sure there was an initial period of frustration, but sometimes you've just gotta go with the flow." Newly created Associate Professor of Surfomological studies, Professor Taj Burrows said, "Like woah, man. It's like so rewarding to, like, finally be recognised as more than a board and some wax. And ANU chicks are like, totally not frigid. I'm so hungry."

woroni's bumper holiday edition of...

in brief

we could take some tips

To battle dry spells in Nepal and neighbouring northern India in July and August, dozens of farmer's wives gathered in the fields to perform naked dances at midnight in order to appease Indra, the Hindu god of rain. The women of Uttar Pradesh state in India were not very successful, but the 200 Nepalese women who began dancing in mid-August were rewarded with the start of the monsoon season, which soon created floods and landslides.

mmm...cockalicious

Thailand's public health minister issued a warning in August against the growing fad of keeping large Madagascar Hissing Cockroaches as pets. The cockroaches are being widely sold for about \$2.40 each. According to the Minister, their bacteria- and virus-laden, 2-1/2-inch-long bodies, combined with their very quick breeding ability, make them somewhat unsuitable as pets.

obesity's hidden charms

James Scott Woods, 26, was arrested in Mount Carmel, Tennessee, in July after police were called to his house on a robbery complaint. Officers could not find evidence of the robbery and were inclined to let Woods go but on a hunch discovered a half-ounce of marijuana, plus a pipe and \$187 cash, tucked into a fold of Woods' stomach. A few minutes later, Woods was also charged with tampering with evidence when he allegedly broke his handcuffs and tried to swallow the marijuana. Three cheers for the brave soul who dived deep into the belly of the beast.

ain't it the tooth

Business was booming in August for unlicensed street dentists in Lahore, Pakistan, according to a New York Times reporter, who witnessed several patients' gruesome sidewalk experiences (forced on them because one-third of Pakistanis earn less in a month than even the lowest-priced licensed-dentist procedure). Tools of the trade include ordinary pliers, wire-cutters, metal files, a con-

tainer of moonshine (to rinse tools off) needle-point probes (to inflict a distracting pain elsewhere in the mouth), and a red plastic sheet (so the blood won't stand out so much).

the sound of spanking

In Meriden, Conn., in August, music store owner Jeff Caillouette, 35, was charged with sexual assault for allegedly forcing a then-15-year-old employee to let Caillouette spank him, supposedly as punishment for various workplace mistakes. At one point, when the kid caught Caillouette in a lie, he requested and received permission to spank the boss, which he did at first while the boss was clothed but later on his bare buttocks. During the time of the alleged assaults, Caillouette was the band director at a local high school.

mums that care

In Albuquerque, Darcy Ornelas, 31, was arrested in July after a car crash that killed her 4-year-old son. According to police, Ornelas had had several drinks at a party but refused advice not to drive home. She fastened her own seatbelt but not her child's, and then, in her Nissan 300 ZX, she became involved in a road race to prevent a Mustang from passing her, continually speeding up and cutting in front to frustrate that driver. After the fatal crash into a utility pole, Ornelas implied (according to police) that she had been concerned about being upstaged by another sports car.

randy wanderer loses pants

A young man was found wandering the streets of Goulburn, NSW wearing clean white underpants in the early hours of an October Sunday morning. The policeman that found him reported that for two days the only word that the man would say was, "Hymen" or something similar. Police describe the man as being 177cm, with dark hair, a pot belly, large nose and big teeth. Police believe that he is not from Goulburn but are not confident enough to release him in case he heads further south. He apparently yells in his sleep, "I am going to get you ACT, and all your precious children." The bizarre rantings of this social misfit are not considered a cause for concern.

editorial: a necessary evil?

lucy sargeson

For as long as I've been at University, concerns around censorship of our student newspaper, *Woroni*, has been an issue, and I'm sure that it was long before I arrived. In 1998, I willingly signed up to the Women's Department and was soon asked to DSP the paper as the Women's Officer's delegate. A DSP is a Director of Student Publications, and it's their job to read the paper and remove content that is racist, sexist and homophobic, or is likely to result in civil or criminal liability being imposed on the Students Association. However, this responsibility Constitutionally lies with the editors. I was thrown in the deep end so to speak as a full fledged war waged between the Women's Officer and one of the editors at the time over offensive content, which was not aided by a mislabelled picture of an eight month foetus in an article on abortion. For years, debates have raged about the value (if any) of censorship, particularly in university student newspapers, after *Rabelais'* article on shoplifting, and has come to a head in the most recent article of *Woroni*, where the editors placed a black box over an article which had been censored by the DSPs on the grounds that the article was racist, along with the comment that "We [the editors] believe that articles should not be censored merely because the DSPs don't find them funny".

Why censorship? Censorship is an extremely important, often misused political tool. It can take a variety of forms: from the extreme of removing an opinion from general circulation (either through detaining and silencing political opponents or banning dissent) to maintain hegemony; to the less harmful black boxes that appear nearly, if not every, issue of *Woroni*, where words, or an entire article is taken to be either racist, sexist or homophobic, or as advocating an opinion which could leave the SA open to prosecution. Free speech is a sign of a relatively healthy democracy. However, can the desire to ban, for example hate speech or revisionist history such as that of David Irving, ever override this? When John Stuart Mill wrote 'On Liberty' he was concerned to establish a theory of individual liberty that provided both for the protection from oppressive popular opinion (the 'tyranny of the majority'), and government authority. He argued that speech should be free, if for no other reason, than to allow the development of the individual. However, does revisionist history help us learn about ourselves and to develop as individuals? The Holocaust occurred. Do the messages of "White Pride - World Wide" from "America's Largest, Oldest, and Most Professional White Rights Organisation" (who by the way, love us), encourage my personal development? They are, in my opinion, nothing more than a group of dangerous delusional fanatical allegedly Christian racists who take pride in wearing white capes and lynching people. Could censorship and hate speech legislation be a useful tool to prevent these dangerous people from having a forum to promote their filthy racist propaganda.

The editors of *Woroni* have often worked on the belief that it is better to publish to encourage debate than it is to censor. However, when the DSPs believe that offending words or articles should be removed (and are just covered with black boxes), it is questionable whether the editors are doing their job. *Woroni* has been threatened with law suits on at least two occasions, not because the contributors were writing cutting edge pieces, or even writing controversial articles, but because of offensive, poorly researched material. With the job of both editor and contributor to a stu-

dent newspaper comes a degree of responsibility, at least of accurate journalism. What you write will be published in a forum for many people to read. So you have power as a contributor, and you have power as a DSP (although few people get satisfaction out of the job! Believe me.)

Generally, I'm a fan of 'The Strine' - where current events have the piss taken out of them. However, I was disgusted when reading this issue of *Woroni*, where I found at least two articles utterly appalling and offensive. I personally found both the articles "Revisionist Historian: 'Whites: 2, 456, 789. Blacks: 26. It's a Draw'" by 'Keith Shuttlecock', and "US Network to Launch 'Slavery' Reality TV Program" by 'Gillian Tidwinkle' to be offensive, and racist. Further, I would have found them offensive whether or not they were printed in 'The Strine'. The former article, supposedly a satire of anti-black armband history (I think?), appears to be nothing more than a pandering to the racial prejudice of many who believe that Indigenous Australians were uncivilised, obviously backward because they didn't invent the wheel, and maintained an oral history, so abhorrently put as "the tales my granny told me". The term 'gin' is still a highly offensive racist term used to denigrate Indigenous Australian women. Whether genocide occurred in Australia is a discussion that is worth having - however, making a mockery of the deaths of Indigenous Australians and the ongoing oppression that many suffer is not something that should have been used for cheap laughs. The use of highly sensitive issues for unintelligent humour often does little more than entrench oppression, and legitimate discriminatory, and often bigoted and misogynistic opinions.

Following the racist line, one of the implications in the latter article is that a high percentage of African-American citizens are convicted sex-offenders. African-Americans are incarcerated at extremely high rates - usually for petty crime, similar to rates of imprisonment for Indigenous-Australians under mandatory sentencing. Australia has legislation banning hate speech both federally, and in all states and territories. It is based upon international standards in treaties such as the International Convention on the Elimination of Racial Discrimination, which contains a provision for the prohibition of ideas based on racial superiority or hatred. Obviously (to me anyway), the ideas of Irving and the KKK would fit into this category. However, how would the above mentioned articles fare?

In an ideal world, there would be no need for hate speech legislation and censorship. The editors have a job to remove material that is racist, sexist, homophobic and the DSPs, as much as the editors of *Woroni* may detest them, have a role to do this where it has not been adequately done by the editors. We have to ensure that our articles are not racist, sexist and homophobic (blah blah blah) because whether we like it or not, the paper cannot go to print if the material can be categorised as such. I don't advocate censorship, however sniping between the editors and the DSPs is not constructive. For *Woroni* not to publish material that offends, it needs more contributors, and more vibrant articles, instead of having to rely on the old hacks that have been writing the same tripe for years. It also needs students to write in and complain when they don't like things that are written - we have an opportunity to participate, and use our voice, so do it!

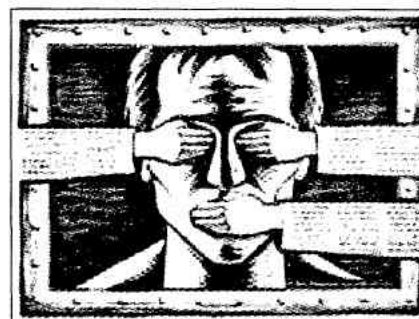
more debate, less censorship

miranda tetlow

Ah, the censorship debate. It had to happen sooner or later, but now my ire has been raised sufficiently to write a reply in more detail. In Issue 9 of *Woroni*, an entire article in The 'Strine was censored. The editorial team stated that the piece was neither racist in effect or intent, and that we believed that articles should not be censored merely because the DSPs don't find them funny. I stand by this sentiment.

The editors of *Woroni* are elected by the student body. There is no process for electing people to censor per se, as they do in the specific role of DSP (Director of Student Publications). This is because the task of censoring is merely incorporated (unbeknownst to most students) into the role of Women's Officer, Sexuality Officer and President of the SA. Their accountability, even to the people they supposedly represent, is at best tenuous. We would not be doing our job as editors if we engaged in constant self censorship that attempted to preempt the whims and moral values of these three individuals. If two of the three DSPs find an article offensive, they have the power to halt the publication of the paper unless the Editors withdraw it.

In no way does any member of the Editorial team this year condone racism, sexism or homophobia. However, what many of the self conscious politically correct brigade seem to miss in their "censorship is extremely important"



rants, is that the removal of all references to conduct they find racist, sexist and homophobic is a form of suppression akin to racism. Let me elaborate further. By effectively and gratuitously erasing words, phrases or articles that are deemed to come under these headings (via the "black box" system), the DSPs do not promote the tolerance or self-development they tout. The censorship that takes place in this way does so on the assumption that the readers of *Woroni* are stupid and accept unquestioningly any of the opinions forwarded. The hearty debate that has taken place on the letters page over the year speaks to the contrary. Pro-censorship advocates often strive to differentiate between "good" censorship (censorship they undertake, with the presumption that they have infinitely superior moral judgment to the rest of you) and "bad" censorship (censorship that occurs at the more detached hands of Government instruments, or through pressure placed by influential corporate entities). However, in my view this distinction is difficult to sustain; and so called "good" censorship equally serves to entrench and promote ignorance.

In the last issue of *Woroni*, the articles which came under the DSP knife were clearly satirical in nature. By its very definition, satire exposes cruelty, hypocrisy and folly by exaggerating them. Satire does this to produce shame, encourage debate, and prompt serious consideration of the issues that are too often

passed through the media for uncritical consumption. The nature of the article that was censored in its entirety in issue 9 underlined the hypocrisy and gratuitous carnage which shrouds the Israeli-Palestinian conflict in the Middle East. Its message was not a hopeful one, but nor was it racist. The revisionist history piece in The 'Strine by "Keith Shuttlecock" was a clear and blatant attack on the way in which historians like Keith Windshuttle and David Irving have twisted history to suit their own right wing ideologies. By providing such an exaggerated and absurd voice to dismiss Aboriginal massacres (shown clearly to have occurred by virtue of the "diary entries" in this piece), the piece attacks the very racism some have attributed to it. Likewise, the "slave" reality TV show article exposes the US administration for its cultural insensitivity and implicit racism. I do not deny the fact that The Strine regularly tests the boundaries and may be offensive (to some people) at times, but I nonetheless believe that it provides inspiration to much needed campus debate. Heaven forbid that people on campus dare to use irony to question dogmatic adherence to (any) monolithic ideology. Humour is a valid

and worthy means to criticise social norms and the local, political and international arena.

In this vein, when I read the metropolitan newspapers I am consistently offended and en-

raged by the likes of Padraic McGuinness, Jane Fraser, Miranda Devine and their various cronies. However, I have no wish to see their work censored. Even if I am offended by their opinions, by enraging and angering me and countless others with their political trite and prejudice, they keep debate vital. Everyone else is forced to better articulate their arguments to the contrary, and this is essential in order to foster alternative political activism. In short, a diversity of opinions forces everyone to think. Similarly, I believe it is our job as editors to publish material that provokes thought, and to include a wide variety of writing, including that which is critical of any ideology (whether left wing or right wing) that is bandied about while unquestioned. If creativity and free speech can't be fostered in a student paper, then it will never flourish anywhere.

I do not subscribe to all of the opinions we publish in *Woroni*. And I shouldn't. The ANU campus is a diverse place, and to posit another well honoured French platitude, it is often that "I do not agree with what you say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it." I have no desire to see a student paper filled with a litany of sexist, racist and homophobic content. However, its absence should not be achieved through the stranglehold of legitimate debate via a supposedly benevolent and arbitrary censorship process.

hope is not a strategy

clint shinn

I parked my car in Bunda St., Civic. I stepped from my car, a group of five to seven young men stepped out of the games arcade in pursuit of another young man. After a flying-kick-start the group proceeded to not actually take turns in pummeling his singular undefending posture into the gutter, then into the middle of the street. It was 3pm on a Thursday. He proceeded to get up onto his hands and knees as three of his assailants kicked him in the ribs, leg and head. He crumpled once more. His assailants moved back onto the sidewalk. Bright red blood streams from his obviously broken nose and face onto his blood-splattered shirt, he picks himself back up off the bitumen and staggers, away from the now jovial group, back toward the sidewalk. Which in turn provoked a running elbow strike to the back of the head felling him once more. A few more kicks to the head and was enough. The ordeal ended outside the entrance to the cop shop.



Violence is an aspect of living few of us entertain at ease. Faced with the exigencies of the moment our reason seems to choke reasonable action. Decisions are either delayed or enhanced depending upon the accuracy of the instincts. The more we think about it the worse it gets.

Let's approach the problem with a more fictional regime. Think tennis, the most irrational of sports. What's the one shot that looks easy that people almost always screw up? The one shot that even professional tennis players make a mess of every now and then. The overhead smash. And why do people make a mockery of such a seemingly passive and straight-forward shot? Because they've had too much time to think about it. It's the same with football; say when they receive the ball mid field and there's only one defender to beat and nobody to pass the ball to. You know the situation; they beat the defender and there is one a kick and a keeper preventing them from magnificent, if superfluous, glory. So there we have it: time to think. The brain is thinking 'kick it this way, or that', or perhaps, 'they really shouldn't be kicking my brain about like that. It's morally reprehensible. Perhaps somebody should stop them'.

At once we arrive at the crux of our problem and its solution: somebody should stop them. The 'should' explicates an ethical imperative, the 'stop them' something much more actual, let's call it the 'ability' - to establish an order of things. Force is required. And let us follow the great Chinese philosopher, Sun Tzu, in calling force the "shifts in

accumulated energy or momentum". "When the speed of rushing water reaches the point where it can move boulders, this is the force of momentum."

Every act, even those we make after timely considerations, has a decisionistic streak running through it. Indeed, every decision that is made, has this decisionistic characteristic. Put simply: sovereignty, whether on an individual or collective level, is only revealed in the moment of emergency and established on a basis of what can be done. Every moment consists of a 'violent positing', arising out of a sea of arbitrary choice, which evades the demands of theoretical rationality, reason, or morality. Which is to say, every moment consists of a 'limit situation' that forces a decision, an act in itself. These decisions establish an order of things as an outcome. So when Michel Foucault asked 'what history make a certain form of thought necessary?', he was asking 'what forced the thought?'

Another French philosopher, J-F Lyotard, phrases the problem differently: There is an event that arises from nothing. And by event we mean that "A phrase happens", or if you like, 'A phrase is said'. And so there is something rather than nothing, sound rather than silence. Between each phrase there is an abyss that "stresses the surprise that something begins when what is said is said". The point of linking one phrase onto the other, then, constitutes the event. A differend is created by the necessity to link one phrase onto the last. There is a differend between and because there are heterogeneous phrase regimes. This follows from the question of how to link. Only one phrase will be linked, an order of things will be established, however there is a multitude of possible phrases that might be linked. At every linking point a regime fights for the right to claim what went before it as its own. At each moment every phrase competes with every other phrase to be said. And, on occasion, a phrase can be said to be fighting for what constitutes a regime in the first place.

Might the world actually be a force throughout, "enclosed by 'nothingness' as by a boundary"? We may walk the streets with the best of intentions in the world. Indeed, we may possess the greatest of moral systems hitherto know (perhaps one that transcends all known cultural differences and syntax), however, as Thomas Hobbes noted all those centuries ago, "And convents, without the sword, are but words, and of no strength to secure a man at all".

and behold...we found the lightbulb socket!

violet jade

Please answer the following questions:

1. Can you change a lightbulb unaided?
2. Do you know the difference between a teaspoon measurement and a tablespoon measurement?
3. Can you make a good cup of coffee or tea for a companion?
4. Have you ever cleaned a toilet properly? (This does not mean bloo loo and flushing)
5. Can you successfully boil an egg?
6. Do you separate your whites from your colours in the wash?
7. Have you ever cleaned your oven properly?
8. Can you sew a loose or fallen button back on?
9. Can you change a washer in a tap?
10. Do you know the difference between a Phillips head and a Flat head screwdriver? (Hint - these are not drinks...)

If you can answer "yes" to all of these questions, then this article is not about you!

If, however, you said no, and be honest with yourself here, to at least one of the above, then you are exactly who I am talking about...You're a member of the unskilled generations of X and Y...

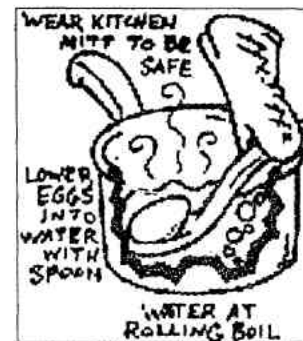
Huh? But you're an honours student...you get HDs, or at least CRs...you're a member of several unions, student councils and other extra-curricular groups and you work at least a casual job...Who cares if you can't change a light bulb? Well, I do.

It has come to my attention over the last year that many X and Y generation people simply don't have the basic skills for life. Whether it be because they live at home and Mum and Dad do everything for them, or whether it's just sheer laziness, or perhaps even simply a lack of education in such matters, but there are a whole heap of people out there who have never been shown, or for that matter, had to, do one or more of the above mentioned

skills. Why?

If nothing else, surely the compulsion to learn all kinds of subject matter would compel most people to obtain these skills - at the very least - to negate social embarrassment when having to admit one does not know how to do it...

Or, has our society changed so much so, that such skills are no longer required or necessary for life...



The advent of fast food, fix-it people, and hired cleaning may all have been contributing factors. Perhaps too, we have a lower standard of expectations of people to know these things. Perhaps we simply have better things to do than spend an afternoon with the porcelain and a bottle of Jiff. Although, it's better than spending time with the porcelain after a night out - believe me!

I am not trying to offend or humiliate anyone here, I am simply posing a question - Why don't people of our generation seem to possess these skills - particularly, as I have

noticed, the more educated they are within the system, the less home skills they seem to have. Is there simply too little time to study and make a decent cuppa? Come on - everyone knows how to roll a joint, or open a beer...surely coffee isn't that much harder...is it? Really?

Maybe we should develop a degree in home maintenance and home skills - that way, people might begin to appreciate that these are in fact skills and not something to be overlooked as an education unto itself.

Go on - try it - ask someone who knows to show you how to do it...it's not that hard to learn and your life will be

that much brighter for your contribution to fixing the darkness dilemma in your household. Not to mention how impressed your housemates will be...Really! OK? So, let there be light!



what? a left leaning union!

Dear Woroni,

As a long-time reader of your newspaper I have become accustomed to the continuous left-wing diatribe blaming the Howard government for all of the world's problems, however an article I read in *The Australian* newspaper has finally forced me to respond.

In *The Australian* of Wed Oct 23, 2002 there was an extract from a National Union of Students (Victorian branch) statement in regards to the shootings at Monash University. The statement says '...the increase in violence on university campuses could be very seriously attributed to the policies of the Howard government.'

This shows just how out of touch with reality the National Union of Students actually is. To blame politicians for the actions of one crazed individual is ludicrous. This is just another example of the left failing to force people to take responsibility for their own actions.

Secondly, and perhaps more importantly it is morally repugnant. To use the death of two individuals (and the wounding of several others) to score a political point is disgusting and disrespectful.

Perhaps the Union of Students should remember that compulsory Union fees has the result of their membership covering the entire political spectrum, and that their primary aim should be to improve conditions for all students, not promote their own ambitions within the Left-Labor club.

Yours sincerely,

Damien Hollingsworth

jago does it again

Dear Sir Madam,

A recent Gallup Poll found that 53 percent of people consider abortion morally wrong.* That's 8 percent more than last year's poll (in May 2001). Let's hope the trend continues and abortion comes to be merely a horror remembered from the past.

* (The Australian, 1.10.2002)

Yours sincerely

Arnold Jago

praise from on high

Dear Woroni,

After slaving your guts out for a year over a newspaper you hope students bothered to read, nothing sucks more than former Woroni editors offering condescending congratulations.

But for what's worth: thanks. The paper in 2002 may not have been perfect - hell, it hasn't been for 54 years - but parts of it were excellent. The editorial team managed to maintain Woroni's traditional aura of desperate, cynical, occasionally-immature independence - which I hope will continue

in 2003 - alongside some interesting and important articles.

Whether student politicians of various ideologies like it or not, Woroni performs an essential role on campus. It shouldn't be fucked with. On that note, I noticed several sections of Issue 9 were censored. Apparently the Students' Association is still rounding up five of the ANU's most humourless misfits, and allowing them to get their dirty paws on proof copies of each issue before it warps the student population. Good thing too - it would be horrible to allow educated, intelligent university students to make up their own minds whether an article is hilarious satire or simply puerile.

But screw 'em. Fighting off those book-burning parasites builds character.

Cheers,

Michael Cook

college boy rejects free milk

Dear Woroni,

What was the deal with the article about "singledom"? Although whoever wrote it took pains to say there's nothing wrong with being single, the article still contained the underlying notion that those who are single are not so out of choice. This is not true. I have been single since I started university four years ago, not because I couldn't have my pick of the fresh meat at my college, but because I would rather wait until a real match comes along. You're selling yourself short if you go out with, or even have sexual intercourse, with someone whom you couldn't imagine spending the rest of your life with. If you're lonely and feel that only another can make you "whole again" you will never be happy, just clichéd.

Besides, why buy the cow when you can get the milk for free?

Tim

herpes simpleton

Woroni,

There is a girl at university who believes she received coldsores from kissing a guy, and I found out only last week that she is blaming me. I would just like to apologise for causing her, or any of her many boyfriends and casual acquaintances any stress. I have had the luck to avoid the illness that she foretold I would receive, and I can only hope that her many boyfriends and casual acquaintances will also be so lucky. Anyway, ha ha ha ha ha.

From a male in perfect health

beltin' it out

Woroni,

I am sick of those tassled belts. They have become the new tie.

They are neither attractive nor functional, their only purpose being to make the sweatshop workers who make them resent their slavedrivers (and soon hopefully rise up against them). Either get some pants that fit, or get some taste. You're fooling no one into thinking that you are anything other than a lemming.

Seeya

Tracey

mownoculture

To Woroni,

Two thumbs up for the chick/dude who did the Monoculture work on the lawn outside Chifley. It sucks that John Howard will never get to view it. But he'd never see anything anyway.

John LaCout

six years pent up rage

Woroni,

I have been a mature aged student at this campus for six years and it has been six years of HELL. So what if I've worked in the public service, so what if I happen to know what I'm talking about, so what if I can relate to lecturers and tutors better because I am the same age as them? I have tried so hard at this university but I am faced by daily ageism and rudeness from pumped up kids who've never had a stint in the real world and who will continue to avoid it while their parents slave away supporting them. Now I'm finally getting out of here I thought I would take the opportunity to say FUCK YOU ALL. You all want too much and you want it for free, and while some of you might know a bit about something, most of you don't know how to treat others with kindness. If you're thinking about changing the whole world, think about changing your own small world first.

Trevor Lunney

fucking first years

Hi Woroni,

I wonder if you could help me. My friends and I would like to go to Fyshwick and have a look at the sex shops there, but we're new to Canberra and don't quite know what to expect. In fact, none of us has ever been to a sex shop anywhere. Canberrans we talk to seem quite proud of their sex shops and never fail to advise us to go to Fyshwick and have a look at them for ourselves, and we agree that we should go and have a look at them for ourselves — but we're very nervous and would feel better if we knew more about them before we went. So, would you do an article about the sex shops in Fyshwick for us, please? We want to know exactly how many there are, how they differ from one another, what they're called, what they look like both outside and inside, what they sell and what other services they offer, how much the various things in them cost, how the various things in them are arranged, what the people who work in them are like, what the customers in them are like, what we should wear when we go to them, how we should

behave in them and so on. One more thing — and maybe this is a stupid question but since two of my friends are women I'd better ask it — is it ok for women to go to the sex shops in Fyshwick? Perhaps I should put it differently - what do the sex shops in Fyshwick offer women? It occurred to us that there might be sex shops that cater especially to women. Do you know of any? Or if none of the sex shops in Fyshwick cater especially to women but women go to them anyway, does that mean men and women look for the same things in them? Can you make any suggestions as to what my female friends should look for when we go to Fyshwick? Thanks
Woroni,

Sam

fucking censorship

Dear Woroni,

I would like to express my concern about the decision to censor the term 'pillowkisser' from the most recent edition of *Woroni*. As a close personal friend of Dr Billington, the author of the article in question, I can assure you that Mark has taken this whole thing VERY badly. Life's not easy for him right now you know — cut him a little slack already! 'Pillowkisser' is CLEARLY not a term specific to gay people. Censoring it is not only the most weird kind of political correctness, it is TOTALLY ANAL. Wait, did I say "anal"? Better censor that, too, obviously an anti-gay reference. Has anyone ever heard anyone else call a person a 'pillowkisser'??? I would refer you all to the landmark Hite Report into American sexuality, which found the practice of kissing pillows to be absolutely RAMPANT among the straight community. Pillowkissing is a normal aspect of human sexuality. Why does the Queer Officer, an advocate of openness as far as sexuality and sexual preference are concerned, attempt to hide it away from public comment and discussion?

I demand an answer!

I'd add that the article in question was clearly satirical in tone. Oscar Wilde, gay men and experimental American fiction were not the targets of its ridicule. You know who was? The book-burning, queer-hating, anti-art fringe of the Christian right. The censors might do well to educate themselves about the radical notion of HUMOUR.

Yours sincerely,

Emeritus Professor L. Angus Dickson.

Woroni is over for another year, but do not weep, for the letters page will return without a doubt next year. Don't forget to store up your anger and disperse it in letter form next year. This month's book prize winner is Damien Hollingsworth. Congratulations! If you didn't win, you're probably not trying hard enough. So get to it! Have some great holidays!



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miscellaneous woroni mysteries

loche utis offorg

Some crude and ill-informed people, mostly from ghastly dystopian slums like Sydney and Melbourne, are quick to condemn Canberra as being "boring". One prominent former politician even claimed that the loneliness and artificiality of Canberra drove her to conduct a sordid affair with an ALP hack! It is unfortunately true that our beloved garden city has a reputation for being somewhat dull. Perhaps this is a regrettable consequence of generations of Year Six children being bored out of their brains on school excursions, or maybe it is merely a justified reaction to our premier tourist event being an intricate arrangement of flowers. Whatever its cause, it is my conjecture that far from being boring, Canberra, and the ANU campus in particular, are in fact awash with mystery and intrigue.

A recent walk around the less-frequented parts of the campus confirmed me in my belief that more is going on at the ANU than meets the eye. For starters, there is the enigmatic International Sculpture Park. For the vast majority of students, the Park remains a fleeting memory from the bottom left-hand corner of the campus map, but in reality it is a sprawling establishment, occupying an enormous slab of the ANU grounds. So far as I could tell, the only "sculpture" present was a series of bright yellow metal beams embedded in a hill. I seem to recall the *ANU Reporter* proudly documenting the burial of a giant biodegradable witchetty grub (and how much, I wonder, was paid for this artistic masterpiece that noone will ever see?), but does it not seem strange that an International Sculpture Park should be so bereft of sculpture? I wonder if the other great International Sculpture Parks of the world so closely resemble undeveloped bush land? Why, then, has so much prime lakeside land been devoted

to this project? The answer, though speculative, is obvious: the International Sculpture Park is nothing but an elaborate facade. What sinister enterprise is the ANU so desperate to conceal? And why is it necessary to have so much access to the seemingly-innocent waters of Lake Burley Griffin? Could it be that those bright yellow beams are, in fact, all part of the ANU's long-rumoured attempt to secure international academic acclaim by capturing and identifying the legendary Burley Beast? I wouldn't be surprised.

Quite close to the alleged "Sculpture Park" is the secretive Noel Butlin Archives. Don't be surprised if you've never seen nor heard of this building - it is literally buried in a hill. In spite of its purported academic purpose, the entrance to this bizarre establishment is not staffed by a helpful and friendly librarian (the cynical among the student body might protest that neither is any other building on the ANU), but rather is brutally blocked by massive locked gates, and constantly monitored by surveillance cameras. My understanding was that the Noel Butlin Archives were supposed to contain old official records of various governments and unions. Now it is possible that such dull and rarely-used documents might require all that security - possible, but, I think you will agree, not very likely. So what is inside there? Of course, we can only guess at what is so valuable that it has to be fortified by an entire hill, but I would like to remind readers of a few salient facts. Firstly, although the University refuses to disclose its exact age, the Noel Butlin Archives facility looks old, and is in the oldest part of the campus. Secondly, it is

proximate to both the sinister scientific research schools and to Parkes Way, and hence has easy access to Canberra's transport infrastructure. Finally, it is an acknowledged historical fact that the ANU was founded as an integral part of Australia's furtive nuclear weapons program, which the Government claims was abandoned in the 1950s, but which has never been fully investigated. I leave you to draw your own conclusions.

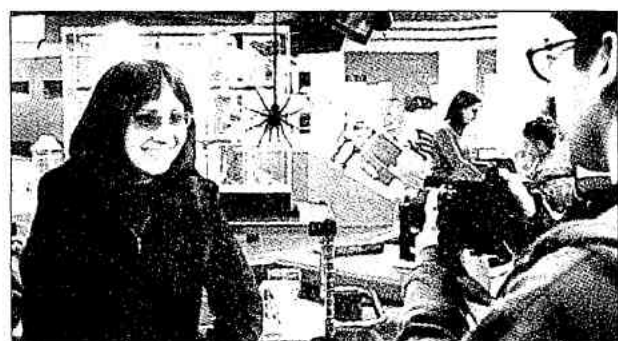


Walking across campus from the Archives towards South Oval, an unsuspecting pedestrian might easily pass by Building 53. Indeed, this unobtrusive structure is now entirely unremarkable. But it was not always so. For it was not so long ago that Building 53 was unabashedly identified as the base of operations for the ANU's mysterious "ESP Project". Were it not for the signage on Building 53, which has subsequently vanished, few

would be aware of the existence of this covert endeavour, although the precise scope of this exploration of the paranormal is unknown to all but the shadowy figures who oversee it. What bizarre experiments into the sixth sense were conducted in this sleepy corner of the campus? And why was the Project so abruptly terminated, all evidence of its existence erased? I doubt we will ever be told.

I hope that you can now see beyond the sunny, yet somewhat prosaic, public face of the campus. From the malevolent *Barad-dûresque* spires of the Chancery to the asymmetrical plinths guarding either end of the Lindsay Pryor Walk, the ANU is shrouded in dark mystery. If only Cheryl had opened her eyes...

introducing the teen flick cast and crew of *woroni*, 2002...



Amber Beavis (co-editor)

Teen flick character: That red-haired spiderman groupie chick (*Spider Man*)

Pseudonyms: Marla the Tumour, Dear Darwin, Simone de Boudoir...

Yo yo mofos wassup

I think I can safely say that 2002 has been the craziest year of my undergraduate career. It does not even compare to the year I worked four jobs nor the six months when I had insomnia and a coffee addiction. No, this year has been the one in which I did honours and co-edited *Woroni*. I'm currently six weeks away from handing in my honours thesis on the social behaviour and genetics of huntsman spiders and it's been a year filled with spider hunting in alleged beats (there were porn and vodka bottles out there in that field. I'm sure that could mean anything. Anything at all) and owning a pet funnel web spider called Shakira. This has also been the year in which I've embraced the bohemian power of absinthe, discovered the appeal of all things Scot-

Miranda Tetlow (co-editor)

Teen flick character: Enid (*Ghost World*). Just for the sarcasm. Mmm. Sarcasm.

Pseudonyms: "Matilda" Fordinggrass-Mavis, Candy the cheerleader, Cameo Wisconsin, Christa Jansen, Lewis Cunningham....Too many.

Welcome to the *Woroni* Main Menu

To get trashed on Fruity Lexia at the *Woroni* stall on market day, while convincing potential contributors and the Red Bull student marketing sell out that, "you sh'gotta write for this paper, it'sh fucken ace", dial 2.

To ask your lecturer for yet another extension, sigh, and mumble "*Woroni?*", press the * button, located immediately below the '7'.

To write under 8 different pseudonyms to convince yourself and others that the paper has more contributors than it actually does, press 9.

To finish the *Woroni* year, and attempt to graduate in the next 3 years or so, press #. Or just hang up.

Ah, *Woroni*. I was promised fame, notoriety and maybe a bit of glory. I thought I'd sit back and congratulate myself on a great year in 'zines, revelling from my deck chair and pina colada while other suckers/contributors did all the legwork. Such was my vision. Instead, we got crashing computers, run-ins with student politicians, ad-

tish and learned that the phrase which I love above all others is 'fuck off and die'.

But the year hasn't just been about spiders. It's been about being a journalist and it's been about staying in the *Woroni* office until 3-fucking-AM three nights in a row, only to wake up at 7 the next morning to go to do lab work. It's been a year in which sitting in front of a computer, typing, whilst attempting to sit in the lotus position seemed like good OHS practice. It's been a year in which I've lived hard, descending into a self-destructive spiral of hot-chocolate drinking on a daily basis. It's been a year filled with eccentricities and so I say to you, *Woroni*, it's been ace.

As for the more specific thankyou's, well...I'd like to say thankyou to my fellow editors: Miranda, Lexi and Merryn, you are three very talented, truly hip and totally wonderful people. I've loved working with you every step of the way and if I could be a little more like each of you I'd be a happy person. Miranda, thanks for being unconditionally supportive and joining me in the party-persona of Scottish crack whore. Lexi, thanks for being a voice of flippancy and reason and for helping me justify smoking as being supremely chic under your tutelage. Merryn, thanks for the discussions on why we no longer live in bogan country towns — you speak my language!

To my fellow *Woroni* honours students, Sarah and Andrei: you have no idea how much I've appreciated our sharing of honours angst. Catharsis rocks, my friends. Sarah, your insights into the quirks of book buyers have been both insightful and invaluable in their sanity-producing

vertisers who liquidated and email viruses that could bring down Microsoft. After spending the last three years being involved with this student rag, I guess it's finally time for me to finally press #, move on, and write my own goddamn law summaries for a change.

So cue the *Dirty Dancing* soundtrack on a nostalgic '80s dance floor, but I've had the time of my life. Special thanks must go to Michelle McWilliam, Peter Still, Jim Davis and Daniel Stewart, all of the 2002 *Woroni* crew, the amazing friends who have helped me out at the last minute, anyone who contributed material over the year and everyone who bothered to read our variously informed, uninformed, humorous and whimsical newspaper. I'd also be remiss if I didn't mention PhotoShop, censorship (for giving me the brief chance to be indignant and radical), purple wigs (suitable Machine Gun Fellatio concert wearing attire), Students' Association meetings for generally wasting my time, encouraging my tendency to be sarcastic and flippant and for overusing acronyms (SA, SRC, CRC, NUS, NOWSA—you guys are out of control). And a hearty salute to drugs and alcohol, which sponsored much of my behaviour this year.

Apparently over the year we've also offended the Engineering Faculty, Young Liberals, Labor Right, Brazil, the Christians, Centrelink, the remnants of Left Labor and Law Students' Society. I'm not sorry, but I'd like to thank you all for enriching this university campus in your own "special" ways. On that note, I would also like

effect. Andrei, you brought me so many spiders to experiment upon this year I am putting you in my thesis acknowledgments — I particularly liked Esmerelda-alpha23. Plus you're the one who helped me to finally get hate mail: so here's to dead celebrity midgets (and being poets on absinthe)!

To Mark and Mat — words cannot describe the eccentricity the two of you have brought into my life. I would say more...but I might get censored. You're fab! Thanks to my three regular contributors on the films page: Fern (this girl can predict film plot twists from the camera angles and can write reviews the Movie Show would kill for — love your work babe!), Ben (our resident film mogul who not only wrote excellent reviews but whose work I never had to spell check) and Will (the voice of youth who consistently sent me reviews which were both insightful and honest AND did an impromptu legal check for which he gets much good karma). Finally thanks to all my friends who dealt with me talking about spiders ad nauseum. You all rock.

This is my last year of being an undergraduate student. Next year I face the future...god knows what that might entail — the study of an obscure invertebrate or having fun waiting tables. But at this watershed time, although earnestly has never really been my schtick, I just have to say that being involved in this student rag, knowing my fellow editors and generally being a student journo hack has been damn fun. Uber funky, in fact.

Keep it real.



to make "special" mention of the following gems, namely Michael Dargaville (may the reptoids never take over planet Earth), Theo, who rang not once, but several times to let us know about his latest mathematical "discoveries", the Catholic Shopper site on the internet that sells semi-paedophile Jesus sporting statuettes, my favourite contributor "Mark Billington" and the gatecrashing girls who took their tops off at the final 117 Miller St bash. Continue to fight the good fight. Most of all, I'd like to (seriously) thank my fellow co-editors Amber, Lexi and Merryn, three of the most talented, creative and generally kick ass individuals I know.

If you've got this far through my self-indulgent rant, you've done well. Best of luck to Ali and Thom M for 2003, I'll look forward to reading the paper in instalments from my overseas lair. Stay special.

as if the cult pages this year hadn't been self-indulgent enough this year, with the editors and their pseudonyms writing about their favourite 80s tv shows, their favourite drugs or their favourite fashion accessories, now we bring you the *woroni* 2002 editors as their favourite teen movie characters. it's a riot.

Merryn Spencer (co-editor)

Teen flick character: Laney Boggs (*She's All That*)

Merryn Spencer in a teen movie? It would have to be *She's All That*, in which we witness the most popular guy in at Southern California's William Henry Harrison High School makeover the gawky Art School student, Laney Boggs, who is "waste of perfectly good yearbook space". The cast is young and hip, the sun is always shining, and the soundtrack is no more than two months old. To quote James Berardinelli's gorgeous review of this flick: "Those who expect a little more substance will be frustrated." That's me all over: expect more and be frustrated. But there's no denying the movie is appealing in a hard-bodied, stereotyped, teenagerish kind of way. And I love the look of Laney's basement. And I love the way that when she takes off her glasses and steps out of her plaster-covered overalls, she suddenly becomes beautiful. Like magic. I didn't think anyone believed in magic anymore. Like

some kind of morphing female Clark Kent.

Well, in 2002 the arty chick living down in the basement has come out of the dark. *Woroni* has been my saviour, my lifeline, to help stop me drowning in the deeps of Art School at least for a few weekends of the year. Ahh, *Woroni*, how shall I count the ways? To quote *She's All That* once again, as Laney would say, "what is this? Some kind of dork outreach program?" Yes, folks, it is. We're all nerds here and I'm not afraid to use the term freely as we encompass all disciplines and variations, have a wide variety of skills and talents, and when our powers combine, we become: *The Woroni Editorial Team!*



I'd like to thank everyone, with whom I have had the bestest time, with whom I have shared some wonderful evenings and mornings where no-one had slept and we were high on life and love. Insert violins here, please. Or something like that. I don't remember correctly because these (older) computers we use give off bizarre radiation. Really want to get some sunglasses for the computer labs. There should be a pair attached to every machine at ANU. Oh hail, *Woroni*, you have taught me many things, I have enjoyed out time together, being entwined around you in frustration, all those late nights, all those tears of joy and pain, so many memories, it makes my heart burst...but I'll try to resist returning to you for the time being and regain my sanity first. But remember, I will always love you. And I'll remember to take off those gawky glasses more often.

memories, it makes my heart burst...but I'll try to resist returning to you for the time being and regain my sanity first. But remember, I will always love you. And I'll remember to take off those gawky glasses more often.



Lexi Metherell (co-editor)

Teen flick character: Bender (*The Breakfast Club*)

Firstly, thanks must go to Ms Penfolds, Craig Nicholls, his bong and the rest of the The Vines for sponsoring this self-indulgent rant. Ending the *Woroni* year as I started: drunk. Though this time on a cheeky cab merlot instead of Fruity

Lexia. Would a goon by any other name hanger as bad?

So here I am in my first ever office for one of the last times. The source of 97 per cent of my stress this year — a morass of polystyrene, half a forest's worth of residual *Woronis* and ignored press-releases, redundant computers and computer parts, obscure Asian foodstuffs (peanuts coconut cream flavour anyone?) and festering Dry Red. Festering since Market Day — the day I nearly throttled several wide-eyed first years in a yo-yo battle out the front of the stall and confronted half the Uni Bar about how they responded to allegations that they were cunts. Incidentally, not the day when I rang a bleary-voiced Miranda at five in the morning to check what time we had to set up our stall. Wrong day, sorry love (as Sue from Rural Press would say, little tiger).

But fuck it's been fun. And the team has been unreal, not unlike *The Breakfast Club* in fact. At

some stage you were all a brain, an athlete (i.e., marathon column-balancers and definers of style), a basket case, a princess, or a criminal. To the easers of my stress Michelle McWilliam and Peter Still — you rock out.

Thank you to the people who have kept me insane in the best possible way. Amber, Merryn and Miranda — like a contestant on Perfect Match said last night, you guys are 'like, totally eppervescent' and are all on the top of my cruise list.

Ali and Thom, best of luck, keep it real. If there's one thing I've learnt this year that you guys should know, it's that you can't defame a group.

To the people who take themselves and their personal/political agendas seriously, fuck off and die. And finally, one last allegation: to the computers, who truly are the cunts in all of this. So before they die on me again, I'll just say about nothing in particular that "...it's sort of social. Demented and sad, but social, right?" Right.

Ali Jenkins (news and letters editor)

Teen flick character: The computer (*Weird Science* — you know that movie where the geeks create a woman using their computer).

Pseudonyms: Piers Akerman, Tony Wright, Miranda Devine, Tony Lynas

"What the fuck have I done?" This feeling has been my constant companion since I found out that I had been elected to co-edit *Woroni* next year with the excellent and very cool Thom Mackey. How on earth am I going to maintain the high standard of professionalism and insight that this year's editors have repeatedly produced?

Fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck. If only people were as shocked by the word fuck as they used to be.

Student journalism rides on the razor's edge of controversy. So here goes. Deborah Mailman pisses me off on the *Secret Life of Us*. Hang on, that's not quite enough to piss off *Woroni's* censors. Oh yeah, you can get speed on the third floor of Chifley library if you go to the guy wear-

ing the blue hat. And *Queer As Folk* is not a true representation of gay life. Sorry, I went too far.

Ten issues down for 2002, I hope that when my very small job this year turns into a very big job next year, *Woroni* will make you laugh, and never cry, unless our proposed joint effort with the Enviro-Collective to print *Woroni* on onions actually gets the go ahead.

My biggest thanks go to Amber, Merryn, Miranda and Lexi for all of their help this year. Thanks also to all the people who made the letters page a fun and interesting read. There are too many people to name, but all letters sent to *Woroni* this year were printed. I think it's important that student publications are not censored in any way, so, I didn't. In this column I've been given free reign so I might as well use it. Thanks to the person who chose to criticise me without the facts on the letters page to re-inflate their humpbacked ego, and after that used the *Woroni* computers for hate. I can't wait until you finally take the low road out of this place. Thanks to the people who just paid me out full stop in letter form, certain ex-boyfriend. Thanks to all of

the news contributors, especially Maddy Moss, Fruity MacScoopage, Nad Na Gerc, Joanne Yin, Nich Farrelly, Sandee Vanka, Peter Miladinovic, and Peter Annesley. Thanks to Dom Krupinski for his comic strip and blatantly offensive letters. Thanks to the Chinese Embassy for not killing me for printing an article about Xinjiang Province and honking in support of the Falun Gong folk. Thanks to my bestest friends — Nich, Lucy and Jess for being nice even when things were crap and unfair. And finally, I wouldn't be where I am today without Sizzle Bento, and the lady who makes rude comments about me in Japanese over the microphone. It is she, and never Jesus, who brings me back down to Earth. Have some great holidays!



Mat Kenneally ('Strine editor)

Teen flick character: The donkey from *Columbine High - Why I shot all those Grammar kids*. (We suggested Tom Green's sterling classic *Freddy Got Fingered* — eds.)

Pseudonyms: Gillian Tidwinkle, Bob Ajob, Lucy Plimmeth-Woggons, U R Naïve.

I could do many things with this section. One would be to make vitriolic attacks on other members of the editorial team, or you could be professional and not. You can also use your column to talk about goat fucking but I did that last year.

Firstly, I want to apologise for all the pain and suffering my irresponsible student journalism has caused. It all started in 2000 when I discovered that you could in fact write letters to *Woroni* under fake names. For the next six months I wrote



70 per cent of the letters section, directing all of my hate at the ANU left. I was an angry and lonely young man and what I did was wrong I should have turned to drugs, alcohol, or gang violence; letter writing caused too much pain.

In 2001 I started editing news and I must admit that some of my coverage of rallies was well objective and that...that was wrong.

Finally in 2002 I used the Strine, and irony to make the lives of all the gay people, women, and racial minorities on campus a living hell. For this I am

deeply deeply sorry.

In this issue I teased the censors. This was cruel and uncalled for, as all they were trying to do is protect the little gay Johnnies, all the women, all the races, and all the Islamic terrorist organizations in which they strongly (and justifiably) believe from my racism, sexism, homophobia, and double-edged humour.

So to all of you I am sorry. I will try to follow the lead of the ANU left and be angry and humourless 24 hours a day.

To my goat Frankles: you remain my one true friend, you believed in me when everyone else thought I was just a Cooma boy telling jokes about Necrophilia, law lecturers, hippies, and Mexicans. Who would have thought that a person like me could have made so many enemies at university? Not my mothers; but you Frankles.

Now I would like to issue two groups with some pointers:

To the Bogans: your lack of education, lack of nice clothes, lack of good grammar, and poverty disgusts me.

To the Campus Christians. This university is a tolerant open society. Your type are not welcome here. Fuck off.

On a serious note I'd like to thank all the editorial team Amber, Lexi, Merryn, and Miranda, and invite them to a party at the farm with Frankles. I'd also like to thank the two people who got me involved in *Woroni*, Mark Thomson and Penny Jones. In Mark and Penny gave me the encouragement and structure to engage in quality campus journalism and insane undergraduate satire. Guys I couldn't have had more fun; you're the greatest.

Thom Mackey (CDs editor)

Teen flick character: Bill S. Preston, Esquire (of *Bill & Ted* fame).

Indulgence, eh? What a novel concept. I thought my 350 words per issue spouting my useless opinion on some free CD I got mailed was indulgence enough, but they seem to want more. I can't really say as much as I would like to here; my capacity for superfluous in-jokes is somewhat limited due to me only having been in this team of high flyers for around four months. As the newest member to the hard-working and diligent publication team, I guess I should bring a fresh outlook to the mix, adding flavour (and,



hopefully, flava), texture, and a fresh range of cutting-edge opinions; but, unfortunately, I can't. It's all I can do to let you know the more intimate workings of student journalism, without being restrained by moral obligation or interpersonal friendship ties. Firstly, I'd like to finally get this out in the open: *Woroni* is never, ever written by us. Ever. Never has been, never will be. It's actually the University of Western Australia's student rag. That's right! We get their issue from last month, give it a new cover, put a Uni Bar ad in, and write one token piece about ANUTEch or how bad the parking is to make it look authentic. All these "student hacks" you see floating around the SA building are really doing nothing but rorting companies for freebies while spending your hard-earned GSF dollars on booze, smokes and shipping from Perth. And people wonder why I accepted the Editorial position next year! I'd like to throw in a few thank-yous while I've got the chance: Firstly to

all the team here, who have taken me under their wing with such vigour and vim that I wouldn't have had a chance to escape if even I'd wanted to; you've taught me well, and I hope I may one day grow strong enough to face you in combat. An especially big up to Ali, with whom I shall soon join forces so that we may one day rule the galaxy and command the forces of evil as father and son (more or less). To all of my friends who let themselves be coerced into writing reviews of horrible CDs. To Google Image Search, and in fact the World Wide Web in general, without which *Woroni* wouldn't get published. To Penny Arcade and Everything2, which, when combined, have consumed more of my production time than sleep has. To Steve Jobs and all those at Adobe for making the most reliable, efficient, powerful and easy-to-use computing devices since the abacus. I think that about wraps it up. So, to all you gentle readers, farewell, have a nice holiday. Don't do anything I wouldn't do.



Andrei Seeto (features editor)

Teen flick character: Ferris Bueller (*Ferris Bueller's Day Off*)

By the time you read this I will have handed in my thesis, and my fate will be sealed. I can't quite remember why I decided to do honours but that doesn't really matter anymore. The same can be said about *Woroni*. When Amber or Miranda, I can't remember who exactly, asked me whether I would sacrifice weekends and nights playing around with obscure computer programs and 'tracking' text and 'keyline-ing' pictures I really didn't know what I was signing up for. That I would be swearing at computers, bingeing on corn thins (the only thing I've ever been thankful to the SA for), and trying to think like a bogan and work out how to use the word 'cunt' in unimaginative ways, proved a pleasant surprise. Hearing tales from pitiful DSP meetings was always a laugh. Then there were all the crazies on the phone or worse at the door who would interrupt scrambled efforts to finish something or other before the computers would go feral. What

would *Woroni* be without the crazies and their knowledge of quantum dynamics and the scientific lies on which the whole Australian university system is built. And then the office computers: I hate you, I hate you all.

There are many I should thank, most of whom I will forget; call me callous but don't take it personally. Thanks to the *Woroni* Crew: Miranda for being, well being Miranda, so much more than Shakespeare's muse; Amber for bringing the world of tea fetishes into the *Woroni* Office; Lexi for taking us on crazy food hunts for toxic slurries; Merryn for introducing me to the magic of Condoblin; Sarah for being such a hoot; and Leo's idiosyncratic grammar and Mark's amusing/horrifying internet trawling skills deserve a mention also. Thanks to all those who wrote and contributed rather than complain, such as Danica for taking part in very undergraduate hijinks. Thanks also to my housemates, Ruth, Hannah, and Isobel, for speaking my language, far too much, and letting me abuse our friendship by making them write stuff.

If you have actually bothered to read this far, you have neither my sympathy nor pity. I can't think why anyone other than my friends would be reading this at all. What are you? Some kind of sick voyeur interested in the ephemera of other people's lives? If you have an exam in half an hour and you should be studying, why not read all the other amusing anecdotes covering this page; you're probably screwed anyway.



Mark Billington (aka Sarah Spiller) (books and opinions editor)

Teen flick character: Seymour (*Ghost World*)

Though my mother said (every morning buttering my toast) that I was far too old to be hanging around with these

rosy new kids on the student paper block, I'm glad *Woroni* 2002 wanted to have an "old man" of 33 like me on board. Being part of the team really has put a skip in my step in this the eighth year of my Arts degree. *Woroni* got me through some tough times early in my degree and I'm just glad to have had the chance to give something back. You know, I don't really hold six doctorates. Or a DPhil, an MA, an MBA or even a BA for that matter. No, I'm just "long-faced Mark", hanging around, hoping for a laugh. And my oath we've had some laughs. You may say I'm lonely and annoying, "washed up" even, but I'll bet my wacky pseudonyms have made you smile, no? Who could forget 'muzza', the gentlest Liberal on campus? And 'Sarah Spiller'? Now there's one to make you chortle! Hold on, I'm channeling Sarah now. She wants to say thanks to all the girls, and to everyone who said they'd write something and then did (especially Isobel who has stacks of opinions), and to all the kids who made things OK, and to the people who actually read the paper now and then. I hope it was alright. Three cheers for you all. No thanks to aggressive contributors and born-to-rule campus narks. Toorah!

Mark Thomson
(*'Strine editor*)

Teen flick character:
The Boy Band Exposed

Pseudonyms: Dr. Karloff Lukoshenko, Anastasia Trout-Litovsk and Leonid Codstein.

I suppose that I was the person who used the *Woroni* computers for hate, or maybe just the wrong kind of love. I grafted the heads of my polemical opponents onto goat pornography. But the bitter recriminations can wait.

There are two things I value in my exposure to student journalism. The first is the anarchic sensibility that characterises the satire Mat Kenneally and I have churned out for God knows how long. The second is a real interest in campus news and in students' rights, which is exemplified for me by the work of Penny Jones, Jason Ives and Michael Cook. These are the things that only *Woroni* can do for the ANU. (We can leave Afghanistan to Reuters.) I have always been suspicious of the self-appointed, all-knowing ideologues, cum student-political hacks, who censor the paper and (what is much worse) write for it. There is always the danger that *Woroni* will fall into the hands of the cultural left (the crazy right are defunct), and become unreadable, preachy and unread. These people are a tiny minority of the campus population, they are committed to an oppressive little orthodoxy, and they don't much care for other people's ideas. They are possessed by that ridiculous and ignorant certainty which never lasts past twenty-five.

Forget censorship, *Woroni* is really at the mercy of its editors and contributors. It is a student paper, and it needs journalists.



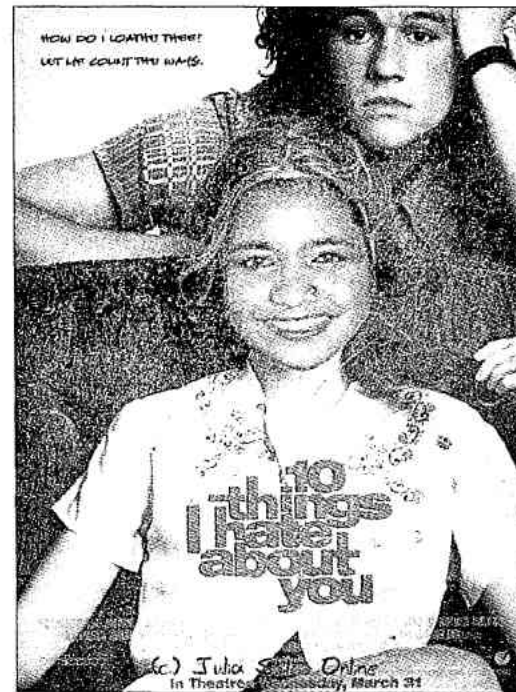
Natasha Shahidullah
(advertising co-manager)

Teen flick character:
Kat (*Ten Things I Hate About You*)

She's a bitch, hates men (with good reason), enjoys Shakespeare (sort-of), makes a spectacle of herself and pukes her guts out after getting smashed. And even though prissy Bianca ended up doing all the punching, we all know that Kat is more than capable of violent anti-social behaviour. Yeah, that definitely sounds like me. She also gets Heath Ledger. Okay, that's going to be me (in an alternate universe).

So many individuals contributed to *Woroni* 2002, that it's impossible to recall and thank everyone. Shanika, the other half of the indomitable Advertising Team, thank you for dealing with all those horrible advertisers, for doing such groovy work all year, and for being you. Amber, Lexi, Merryn and Miranda — congratulations on the absolutely fantastical effort you guys have done in 2002. Leo thanks for all the interesting music you introduced me to, and for doing stuff for me when you were in the office and I was on the other end of the phone somewhere. Mark thanks for all the fun and laughs and witticisms. I'd mention a lot more of the stuff you expanded on, but I'm afraid the DSPs might end up censoring it.

Michelle, you have my undying gratitude for keeping track of all the money and for all



your invaluable help figuring GSTs and other boring numbers stuff out. Peter Still — you are a god. I'm sure you've heard it before, but it just needed to be said again. I would have been lost without your technical expertise, and it was just good to know that whenever I did have a problem, you were a phone call away (I bet you really regret giving me your mobile number!).

Cara, Sian, Robbie, Shadab and Anna: For being there, keeping me sane, making me laugh, forcing me to come home instead of working, for Bollywood and South Pac, cigarettes, chocolate, junk

food and sex, and reminding me why it's good to be alive. Thank you.

Lastly, a great big thank you to the people who made my life a whole lot easier and safer. Brian, thanks for listening to my venting, ranting and raving whenever I got on the bus and for always telling me everything would work out eventually (you were right). Ann, Fran, Glenn, Ian, Jim, John, John, Matthew, Michael, Nino, Rod, Ross, Scott, Shane, Trevor and Troy from ANU Security — thank you guys for all the times you have escorted me across campus between colleges, computer labs and most especially from the SA. Without you, I probably would have ended up sleeping at the SA on all those Sunday nights when I finished at some ungodly hour of the morning.

Ali and Thom, good luck next year. Brace yourselves.

Shanika Dias (advertising co-manager)

Teen flick character: Elle (*Legally Blonde*)

I'm not sure if I actually have a favourite teen movie. Nonetheless, *Legally Blonde* springs to mind, because I love the pink fluffy pen Reese Witherspoon used to write her notes with. Even though I own a lot of interesting stationary, I will have to aspire to owning a pink fluffy pen too. On a different note, despite the fact that *Legally Blonde* was an interesting movie and pink fluffy pens are cool, I am going to talk about being an advertising manager instead.



Natasha and I have been doing the advertising for *Woroni* this year. Tash does a lot of technical stuff, whereas I book the ads. Booking ads involves talking to potential advertisers, and telling them how great *Woroni* is. So, I guess this makes me sound a bit like a car salesman. Regardless, I have loved being an advertising manager for the last two years, and have enjoyed talking to a number of interesting people. This year ads were booked for Ministry of Sound, Bobbies, Co-Op Bookstore, Holy Grail and Co-op Bookstore to name a few. Also, a record number of ads for the O-Week edition of *Woroni* were booked. Despite these suc-

cesses, we have also had some major difficulties. Unfortunately, one of our advertisers is currently being liquidated, which means that we will have to 'wait' until we get paid. Hopefully nothing else like this will surprise us by the end of the year.

Many thanks should go to Tash, and the editors: Lexi, Miranda, Amber and Merryn. I have seen all of these girls staying in the *Woroni* office far longer that they should, to ensure that this paper went to print on time. They are all very talented and have done a great job with things this year. Also, Merryn went beyond her duties as editor to clean the *Woroni* office. My hat always goes off to those who attempt this feat.

CALL FOR NOMINATIONS!

V-C'S TEACHING AWARDS

Nominate an exceptional teacher or supervisor! Nominations for the Vice-Chancellor's Awards for Excellence in Teaching close on **FRIDAY, 15 NOVEMBER**. Details can be found at: www.anu.edu.au/cedam

CHANGES TO THE AWARDS! Instead of calling for nominations annually, nominations will be called for towards the end of each semester, and up to two awards may be awarded for that semester.

A NEW AWARD! Nominations for excellence in supervision will also be called for in second semester each year.

For further details on all the awards, visit: www.anu.edu.au/cedam

for some, the shooting at monash university was a clear signal that gun laws need to be tightened, while others saw it as a knee-jerk reaction by an uninformed public. **lexi metherell** checks out how hard it is to buy a gun.

on target?

When details of the Monash shooting first found their way in to my head space, my mind immediately leapt to terrorist action. Later, it was discovered that the gunman wasn't actually a terrorist, but a fourth-year honours student — with a gun license and seven hand guns. Crikey.

And so, as in the Port Arthur aftermath, guns are back on the agenda. Following the 1996 massacre — when Martin Bryant took 16 seconds to gun down 20 people in a diner and leave 12 others wounded, then stormed outside to kill another 15 — John Howard launched a ban on longarms. The ensuing buy back scheme saw 644,000 guns bought from the public, at cost of \$400 million, according to *The Sydney Morning Herald*. Now, it is estimated that there are 4 million guns in Australia, though it's a pretty sketchy figure, depending on who you speak to. There is anecdotal evidence of people burying weapons to avoid handing them in, in fact, a gun magazine published by the insidious gun lobby promoted this practice as a way to stop seizure of weapons.

Australia's gun laws are now mostly uniform, which cuts down on the problem of people buying guns in states with looser gun laws. They now include national gun registration, a 28 day waiting period when buying a gun, training requirements for first-time buyers and restrictions on the transportation of guns and ammunition.

But, this time round, following the Monash shooting, hand guns are the target (sorry, couldn't resist). According to the trusty *World Book Encyclopedia*, "a hand gun is a firearm that is operated with one hand [no, really?] ...carried primarily by the police and by the armed forces." Private citizens in Australia are only allowed to use hand guns at firing ranges.

Many raised in the suburbs, the breeding ground of the middle-class, believe that guns are bad and life would be a whole lot safer if they were made illegal (this author may or may not have been one of them). But, after speaking to a couple of people who actually know what they're talking about, it's clear that not all gun owners are untrustworthy and raving mad — an impression, that can easily be made if you check out the National Rifle Association in America. The NRA is a highly powerful organisation, presided over by old-skool movie star, Charlton Heston, who has said something along the lines of "the day I give up my gun, is the day you prise it out of my cold, dead hand."

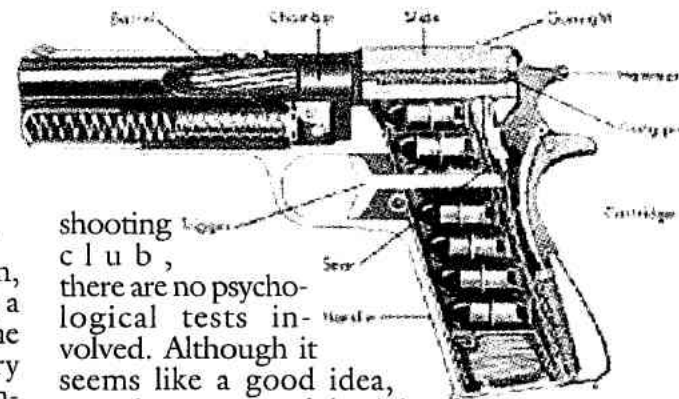
In Australia, those who vehemently defend ownership of guns do not have the Second Amendment of the Bill of Rights to back them up unlike the NRA, which states that "A well-regulated Militia being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear Arms shall not be infringed." Nevertheless, there is something distasteful about the pro-gun lobby, which jumps on the defensive every time there is a shooting. While, of course, the other side, the gun-law reform lobby jumps on the attack. Both sides smack of amateurism and sensationalism, and there seem to be no moderates, or, if there are, they're overshadowed by the in-

flammatory arguments of the other two sides.

So to see exactly how easy it is to purchase a gun, I gave Shooters Wholesale Warehouse (SWW) a call. Expecting a gruff redneck to answer the phone, my despicable prejudice and snobbery was cut down when a well-spoken student answered the phone, and gave polite, concise answers. So how easy would it be for a naive twenty-year old who couldn't tell the difference between a .22 calibre rifle and a sawn-off shot gun, to buy a gun? Not that easy, apparently. In order to buy a gun, you have to be a member of a shooting club or a property owner. Club membership requires applicants to sit a safety course — a written exam — and apply for a license which is vetted by police. The license gives permission to transport the gun, in a locked box secured to the vehicle, between home and the firing range. Reassuringly, the SWW representative said that the police have been increasingly inspecting gun owners' homes to check that they are storing their gun(s) correctly — that bullets are kept separately from the actual weapon, and that the weapon is stored in a regulation-approved locked container bolted to the house. If a person is found to be storing their firearms illegally, they can be confiscated without compensation, or there can be a prison sentence. Upon purchasing a fire arm, one must wait at least 28 days before the time of purchase and the time of collection.

Gun lobbyists argue that the more guns are banned, the stronger the black market for firearms become. According to a representative from the Sporting Shooters Association, a block pistol, worth \$900 through retail, is worth up to \$3000 on the black market. He said that increased border protection and harsher penalties for people found to be illegally trafficking arms would be more effective.

The thing that is probably most disturbing to the middle-class sensibility, is the fact that people, for whatever reason, can snap and, which becomes dangerous if they have access to a weapon. In joining a



shooting club, there are no psychological tests involved. Although it seems like a good idea, some have reasoned that it is too difficult to determine to what extent a traumatic event would affect someone.

Despite what appears to be a fairly secure system in Australia, it will never be flawless. Unless we get a pre-crime division a la *Minority Report*, where murderers are caught before they commit the crime, it seems that the chance of random gun attacks are never going to be wiped out. But it also seems fair that gun owners shouldn't be persecuted, as one said to me, "Members of the firing range treat their guns like golf clubs — they take them out, shoot holes in bits of paper, take them home and clean them. The government should put harsher penalties on the criminals who use guns to hold up banks, rather than responsible gun owners."

Come to Gundagai!

Gundagai is about 2-hrs drive south from Canberra. Although a very famous town, with "the track winding back" and the "Dog on the Tucker Box" Gundagai is very much a forgotten backwater. The Hume highway, connecting Melbourne and Sydney flies on by, a few hundred metres from the main street. Gundagai is a very pretty town, with some really lovely old buildings stepping up the hill, away from the Murrumbidgee river flat. The town is surrounded by very steep and beautiful hills.

Stay in the famous **Criterion Hotel**, and enjoy a bit of yesteryear, combined with a great country pub stay experience. The public bar is covered in murals depicting local bushrangers, and a semi religious interpretation of the great flood of 1852 that wiped out half the town. The new pub is about 65 years old, and is a classic "Art Deco" pub. It's a bit rundown, but a very solid old building and clean and comfortable. comfortable.

The bar usually has a combination of locals and visitors. After a laid back session of raging, its so nice to amble up the stairs to an old, but comfy bedroom. Just about everybody who visits - loves it. "A nice cruisey old place" "Great Beds" "friendly staff" "fantastic night"

Offer

We are offering 2 groups of six free accommodation for a Friday/Saturday night. (First in gets it) ...and timing subject to availability

We are offering 20 \$50.00 per person weekend meal and accommodation packages. - So come and get lost for a day or two.

The "Famous" Criterion Hotel 172 Sheridan St, Gundagai

Ph: 02 69441048

Email: criterionhotel@bigpond.com

Fax: (02) 6944 1369

Details: Bus fares approx \$28.00 one way, departs Canberra @ 12.15pm, 6.00pm, 7.45pm and 9.20pm.

Gundagai has lots to see and do, including peaceful river flats, old buildings and bridges.

Its not well known that Gundagai hosted Australia's largest natural disaster horror, in 1852 when over 80 people drowned.

Gundagai is a bit short on girls.

On Tuesday November 5 take a drive to Gundagai for "The Fabulous Raging Snails" 12-2.00pm.



1. How have the Bali bombings affected you? 2. Do you believe it was an attack on Australia? 3. Do you think there were any triggers for the attacks? 4. How differently do you feel in the aftermath of these attacks, compared to the September 11 attacks? 5. Has it changed your opinion on the war on Iraq? 6. How do you feel about the government's failure to travel warnings prior to the attacks? 7. Do you think that the recent spate of travel warnings issued by the government are an overreaction? 8. Would you travel overseas in the next year?



Andy (engineering/IT) and Dave (science)

1. **Andy:** I guess, I've sort of woken up a bit to the fact that terrorism is actually a bit closer to home, rather than just in a dreamland, like America — you see it in America, and you think 'whatever, only in America' — but now, you go 'fuck, it can happen in Bali'. It makes you think, are you safe touring around the Barrier Reef, or an island? It's sort of like driving a car — people die all the time, so you can't let it affect your life, you've just got to go on. If you let it affect your life, you won't have much fun. **Dave:** It's sort of a realisation that it is in our country. It makes me

wonder why we even bothered to support the US to that extent.

3. **Dave:** No, it can happen anywhere, right place, right time. It's very uncertain and unpredictable. I think it had a bit to do with Australia's involvement in Afghanistan, but I don't think it has anything to do with Australia's commitment to America in regards to Iraq.

4. **Andy:** I feel remorse for the people who died. But, in the same respect, it could potentially happen to me but I'm not going to let it affect my life, and I think that's what they want. They [terrorists] want people around the world to be thinking about it and talking about it, and letting it affect their life, so if you let it affect your life, you're giving the terrorists what they want.

5. **Andy:** I never thought we should have gone, so no.

Dave: I don't think we should do it.

6. **Dave:** I didn't know that they actually had received intelligence, I just heard reports that they did — it's a bit circumstantial. Also, the government doesn't want to scare the population. **Andy:** Realistically they can say that's there's been intelligence of operations in Sydney, but they can't release it — there's going to be [terrorist] operations anywhere, but they're not going to release information telling people to stop travelling anywhere, because there's operations. **Dave:** They're not exactly going to grab everyone out of Bali and say 'you have to go now.'

7. **Andy:** I don't think it's an overreaction, I think it's sort of what they have to do, if they don't do it, people are going to ask why they didn't do it. I think they're covering their arse.



Jyoti (actuarial studies)

1. They've made me feel that Australia is a part of the whole terrorist thing, that we're also vulnerable.

2. Not really, I think that obviously there are people who sympathise with al-Qaeda and that sort of idea, and I think that they're just expressing that, and we're just the victims.

4. I don't know, I haven't heard of any evidence that it's a direct attack on Australians, but I think that that whole event has triggered it, not just Australia's support for

America, but the whole attack on Iraq generally.

5. I guess September 11, was larger scale, but also further away from Australia, so I guess this is more personal. I can feel the pain and suffering much more deeply. But in terms of understanding their [the terrorists'] point of view, I guess that I've realised it's more serious now, and that we really have to try and listen to them as well, if we want this to stop.

6. No, I think that war on Iraq is not really related [to terrorism]. I know we want to connect it, but I feel that it's a different issue, and I feel that these two issues [terrorism and Iraq] have been put in to one.

7. I can understand it. Because a lot of Australians did go

to Bali and to that particular night club, maybe they should have said something, but I guess they receive lots of warnings. Bali is a tourist place, and if they had issued warnings, Bali is a popular tourist destination for Australia, so imagine how angry the Indonesian government would have been with Australia and you wouldn't want to jeopardise that because Indonesia is very important. But at the same time, I can imagine being really angry if one of my friends had died in that attack and they had received intelligence without releasing it. I guess if you were representing the country as a whole, and not just an individual, you wouldn't say it.

8. Definitely not, not just because of Bali, but because of the whole issue of conflict and it's kind of scary.



Thomas (arts/law) and Bec (arts/law)

1. **Bec:** Well it's a bit of a shock, cause you don't think that sort of stuff is going to happen around here, you think it's all very far away, and then it's right on your doorstep.

2. **Thomas:** I think it was more just an attack on Westerners in general rather than an attack on Australians.

3. **Thomas:** I don't really, I feel about the same, I think it's just as horrific but I don't think it makes it necessarily worse just because they're Australians. Neither events really affected me much, because I didn't know anyone involved. **Bec:** I have to say I wasn't as surprised, with

September 11 you're kind of like 'oh my god', you know, and this is kind of like, yet another horrible thing that's happened, but still, really, really terrible.

4. **Thomas:** I still think [war on Iraq] is kind of pointless actually. **Bec:** Yeah, I agree, I don't think that's a good idea at all. **Thomas:** I don't see the link between the two at all.

5. **Thomas:** Not really, I don't think the Americans have come up with much of a case at all linking terrorism and Iraq, it's sort of two separate issues.

6. **Thomas:** To the best of my knowledge they didn't have any warnings, and they only had extraordinarily vague intelligence not anything specific, and if they had issued a warning saying there was some vague terrorist threat I don't think many people would have really listened. **Bec:** I don't think many of the people would have really listened anyway, I mean, it's Bali, people would

never think that's going to happen there. I have friends who are going to Thailand, and there's been a warning there. [*Do you think people even read the warnings?*] No not really! It sort of depends, I know if I was thinking of going to Bali, and there was a travel warning before this, I would have been like, 'look, it's Bali nothing's going to happen,' and I would have gone anyway. I don't think it's that important.

7. **Thomas:** No, from what I know now, they have a lot more intelligence now they've been receiving a lot more now than before, so it's fair enough. **Bec:** I think it's a good idea to have the travel warnings, but I still think that there are so many people who are just going to be like 'it's not going to happen to me, I'm still going to go.'

8. **Bec:** Yes. **Thomas:** Yes. [*To Indonesia?*] Not necessarily. **Bec:** Maybe not...

Rebecca (arts)

1. I suppose it's made me realise that Australia is in danger of terrorism as well, and that Australia's government's involvement in the whole Iraq conflict might actually come to affect us.

2. No not really. I think it was partly an attack on Australia but more an attack on Western world.

3. I think there were lots of underlying socio-economic factors I also think that definitely anger towards US and Australia's stupid involvement in the Iraq conflict.

4. I'm not Australian, so to me the Bali bombing is much smaller, and compared to so many other events like the earthquakes in India last year where thousands of people were killed, and the Afghans who were killed, like, millions of them, Bali seems fairly small in comparison.

5. No, I've always been against it.

6. I guess they hadn't received enough specific intelligence, and it's hard for us to know exactly what they received just through the media, you have to know exactly what information they received.

7. Yeah, I'm going home next year [to Sweden].



Duncan (English)

1. Well, I don't really go to night clubs much anyway, so I didn't immediately fear for my own safety in the sense of being around areas where lots of youth are congregated, but especially in the wake of something like the Melbourne university shooting, I was a little apprehensive even just coming in to school. Somebody was saying that Australia has this notion of pretending that nothing's going on — because we're so far away from the rest of the world, nothing's going to happen. It was a bit of a rude awakening that something could happen so close to home, now it's something you have to take notice of.

5. Even if there wasn't a deliberate provocation for it, they must have been aware that those ramifications would

be apparent.

4. It's a little more shocking in as much as it's a little closer to us and you don't automatically have that backlash thing like 'oh, it's America and they deserved it anyway' because it was something in such a smaller country and so unexpected — I mean, September 11 was unexpected, but the World Trade Centre has been hit before, it's a recognised target for that kind of activity, whereas in this case, Bali certainly wasn't.

5. I can't say it has, because that hadn't really occurred to me before you asked that question, so I have to say no, not really.

6. I think Australia's attitude towards this whole thing has been pretty appalling. It's sort of like a whole 'what war?' attitude, which is really very naive and cowardly in a way.

7. Yeah, it's like they are trying to make up for things that they should have done in the past.

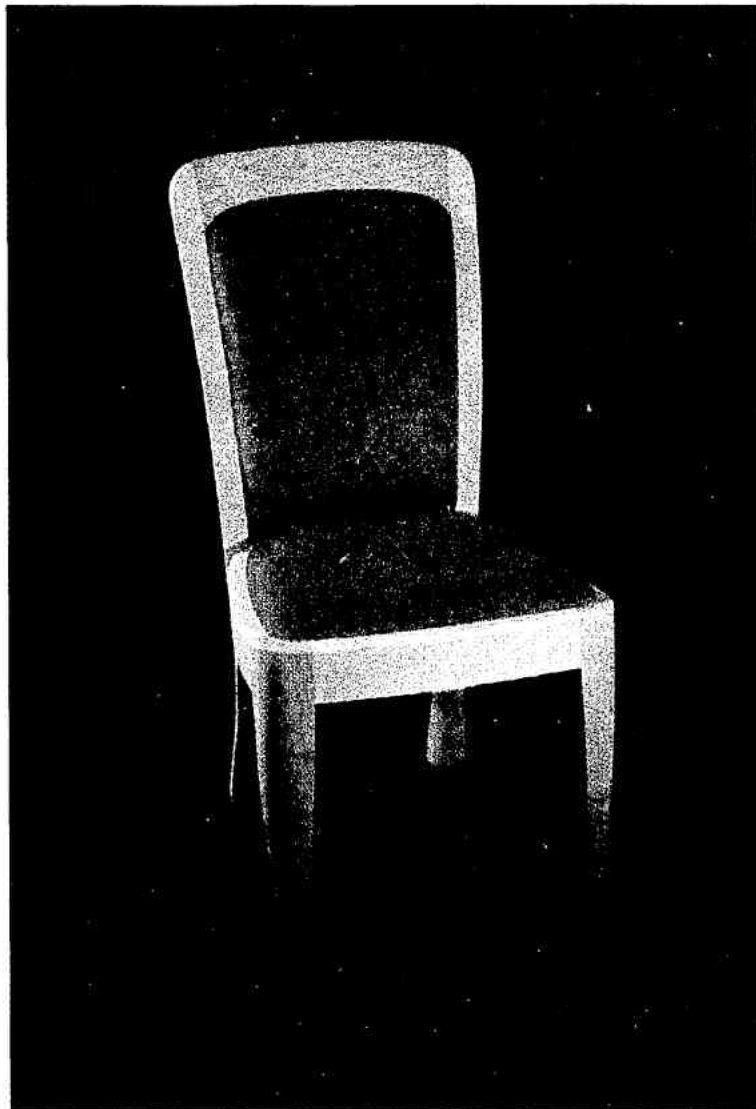
8. I'm actually going to Japan and then to England. But I actually decided the Japan-England route, because the normal route from Sydney to England, flies directly over Iraq, and that's the reason I'm making this side flight.



life after artschool

why do you want to learn to be an artist? in the light of the up and coming graduate exhibition, **merryn spencer** exposes the inner workings of students at the canberra school of art.

Just up the hill from the ANU lies a stark white building called the School of Art. Many ANU students don't even know of the existence of this place, save for a few fashionable looking bodies who wander through union court occasionally, or the Sculpture Park featured on the map. Here, listen closely: I'm going to take you up close and personal into a world of School of Art. I'm very sure that no-one understood why I wanted to come here, either, but I did.



(Above) Peter King, Wood Workshop Graduate 2002.

Now everyone is in a frenzy about the graduate show, *Freshly Squeezed* which opens on the 5th of December. It celebrates the achievements of graduating students with a large-scale school-wide exhibition of works in ceramics, drawing, digital media, glass, gold and silver-smithing, painting, photomedia, printmedia, sculpture, textiles and wood. The School of Art Gallery, Foyer Gallery, the Finishing Room and Photospace as well as workshop spaces throughout the school come together to

present an exciting display of these talented graduates from each of the nine School of Art Workshops. Says David Williams, Director of the School of Art, about the catalogue: "The School of Art courses present in-depth study in a range of visual arts and crafts disciplines in a high quality University context and in well-established workshops. Overseas exchanges, off-campus study, field studies, computer studies and applied design offer students experiences which augment their studio and art theory work. All have profited from excellent teaching by staff members who are skilled professional artists and craftspeople. December is an exciting time of year for all of us at the School of Art. It is the moment when we all celebrate the graduating students' achievements."

Enough blurb. Now it's time to head back to planet earth to talk to the real people.

"Art School? There's no such thing," giggles John Russell, a graduating fourth-year Sculpture student. "we go to special school, and we've all been institutionalised. We're not really part of the ANU. You talk to other students and they're like: 'oh, you go to art school do you?' It's a different dress code, that's for sure. We don't produce great tonnes of paper, we produce works of art, which are basically just visually exciting, or pleasing. We're visual entertainers."

John will have a couple of dozen works of varying size in steel and timber when he finishes in a few weeks' time. "The steel I like because of its longevity, I like its structural strength, I like to combine the timber with it because it's softer, I like the texture and the grain of it, it smells good when you burn it... I like things that last."

"Here, I've met lots of people and I've got to do some large pieces that I wouldn't have done otherwise. The teachers are good because they are actually artists that make a buck through their art as well as teaching, they're actual practising artists."

"because it's such a big journey, I can't even begin to think about what it's going to do to me a few years down the track."
-celeste

"graduation shows are great because lots of gallery owners, and many people that are interested in the arts come. some of them even bring their chequebooks..."

Michaela Ascroft, Painting
Workshop Graduate 2002

We're sitting on a steel sculpture outside of the workshop and I'm attempting to conduct an interview in the sun without yielding too much to the sun by falling asleep. People occasionally interrupt us to talk to John, who is to be well known around this place. There's an actual, genuine sense of community when people know who you are here. "I love just talking to other students, about their work, about my work. I like being useful. I'm good with the 'magic sticky tape', when you actually come up with the concept, make it stand or sit or whatever. Whether it's giving people an idea, telling people they're looking good..." I've started laughing, wondering again, as I have for the past three years, when and where the work actually gets done in this place.

Turning up at the national gallery on Monday mornings at 8:30am and finding out what everyone did on the weekend, that was great, that was my favourite. In first year, foundation should be longer, it's unreal. We were the first group to go through with a three year degree. In 1998, the cuts to the School of Art funding meant that the degree was compressed from four years to three, cutting the time first years spent in foundation in half, down to six months.

There is an overwhelming condescending attitude towards Art School students that the idea of "making art" is not real work. Kai, a first-year, agrees, how some people "don't see visual arts as being worthwhile." Kai, is also a double-degree student, her other major is Linguistics, so she's used to walks between two different worlds. "I have two units here and two units at the uni, and the work that I do here is so much harder. I don't spend nearly as much time doing stuff over there as what I'd do full time. It's a walk in the park, it's really very different..."

Celeste, who is listening intently opposite us, chimes in. "A lot of our stuff is creative stuff, theirs (the rest of the ANU) seems to be totally studying, and to a script already written down."

Again, John interjects. He's not a theorist either, but, rather, classifies himself as a 'maker':

"I failed a few units and got to stay another year. I didn't want to do essays, I can't do practical and theoretical work at the same time. I like books, but I haven't got the time or the inclination to regurgitate other people's thoughts. It's like when I did Horticulture, there are the nursery people who like doing pretty plants and little seedy things and then there's the landscapers. It's the same with art school, the theorists who like to write, and the builders who don't mind reading but don't really want to write." It's true that many students who arrive here dislike the theoretical work behind the making. However, some people learn to love it.

So what actually goes on at a graduation show? "Graduation shows are great for lots of gallery owners, and many people that are interested in the arts come. Some of them even bring their chequebooks," John grins. "Gold and silver seems to go first, then glass, but sculpture's harder to sell, because they tend to be site specific."

His plans for the future? "I want to have an exhibition, joint or solo show, maybe out at Anchor, in Dickson, a nice little space. Just to support the galleries, we have to keep the galleries open, that's the only way they make

money." So what about PR? John is hesitant. "I have a mouthpiece. I make the works, he does the talking, promotion, photography, he does all of that. I don't want to touch it, I don't like the general public. I'm a fringe dweller."

Kai has different visions for herself. "I never came to art school intending to be an artist. I don't want that lifestyle. Until you get to a point where you can actually earn a lot of money from your art pieces, you'll end up struggling, and I don't see myself wanting to, or being able to put up with it. But I'll always make art, because this experience is incredibly valuable."

I recalled a conversation with a graduate from Painting workshop on the weekend the NGA had its anniversary, he insisted that it was about one person in five thousand who would actually, you know, make a living solely from their art. Still the evidence is there, again I remember listening to a talk Geoffrey Bartlett gave in September and he'd said that after twenty-five years of teaching and being a practicing artist, he'd only just reached the point of making a income from only making work.

Celeste adds to my thoughts: "Because it's such a big journey, I can't even begin to think about what it's going to do to me a few years down the track."

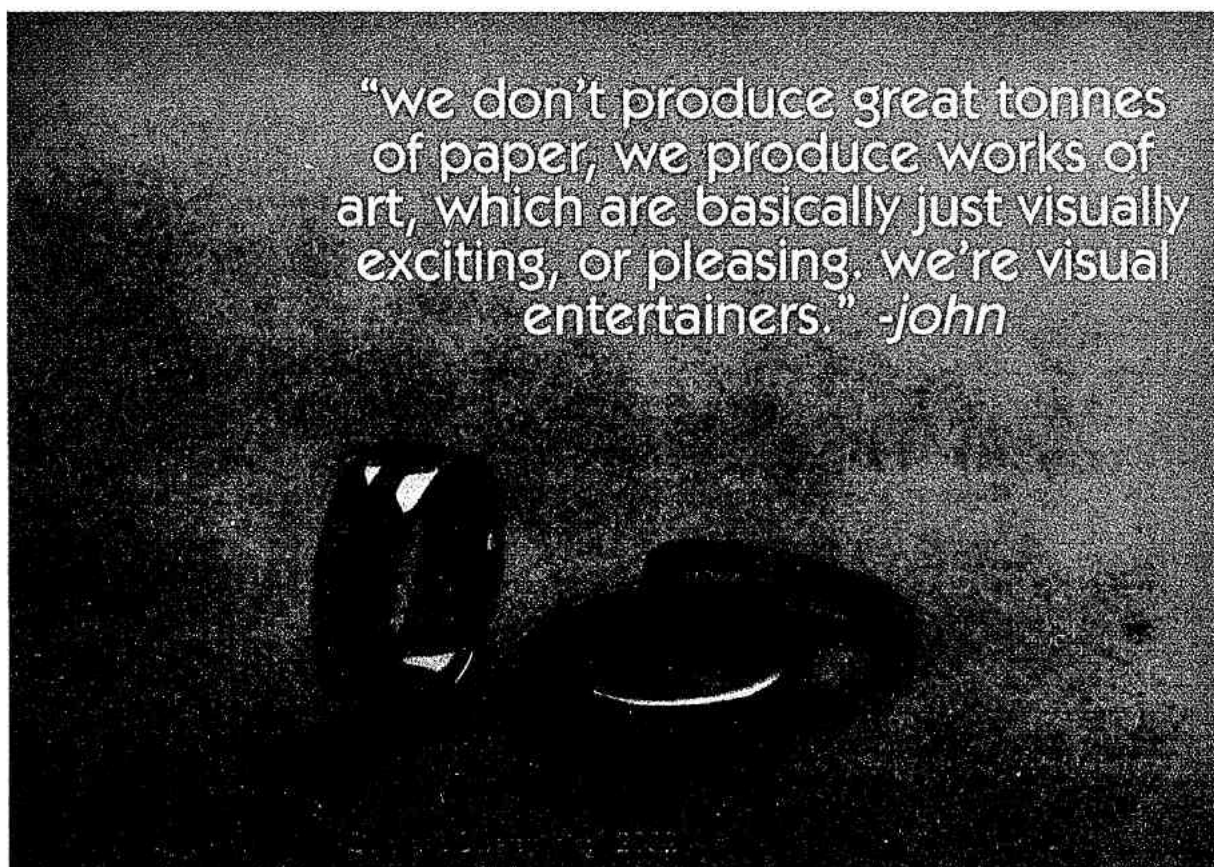
"I came to open day with my mum and was going 'I can't do this stuff, this is amazing,'" says Kai. "And she said, 'you're not supposed to be able to do it now, you're here to learn!'" Celeste adds: "We have over 30 contact hours per week, whereas with an arts degree, you're lucky if you have eight. People's focus is amazing here, the work is so much harder. I came here under the impression that I was learning a whole set of skills for use in later life. I was petrified of school, didn't want to come, and now I'm petrified of leaving." She smiles at me through funky orange sunglasses. "I love the way that stuff is ingested and brought out and cooked up." Kai nods in agreement. "That's the big difference between here and there, over there you have to digest stuff and over here you get it all out."

Speaking of digesting, right on cue, Nikki arrives with chocolate cake for everyone. It's lunchtime, of course. (Let me point out here that chocolate cakes are not on tap at Sculpture). I pick her brain for a few insights as to why she's here. "I'd put my baby to bed and go and go and work in the toilet until three in the morning. I'd have to buy my own materials and it was really fucking hard, but here I get to do it all day, get my materials provided some of the time, get feedback and get to talk to other people about art."

This is certainly a different world, and Celeste is immersed. "I just rave about all of you guys to everybody I meet. I just want to be an observer here for eternity. After crits (workshop critiques of student work where lecturers and students offer feedback and respond to the work) what you take away and what you come up with...it's incredible."

John has returned from the markets wearing a gorgeous sunset orange Hawaiian shirt. We admire it. Ah, the strange fashions of artists combined with clunky safety footwear boots. I love it, every part of this existence, far away from the drivel of gallery openings and wins to the heart and soul to the actuality of making. And to quote John Russell: "Art School's great. It should be an extended holiday."

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degrees of manipulation

Dear Law Ho

My boyfriend Grug and I have broken up and got back together 5 or so times, and this time I though it was going to last at least a month. But Grug has been cheating on me with Sal, who's been a fairground pony as long as anyone can remember, and also my oldest friend. Admittedly I've seen her boyfriend, Grunt, a few times, but we all know that he's a himbo of the most impeccable degree. And only the other day, my good friend Soph told me that Grunt's sister, Sam, snogged her brother, Grut, who is seeing or used to see Sal though no one's quite sure, at the rugby team party! I was totally outraged as I was already seeing Soph's brother, Grut, and was planning to go out with him properly after I broke up with Grug this time!

Sarh

3rd Year Law Student

Sarh, no one knows how hard it is to be a law student, all the emotional hardship, the backstabbing, no one realises. I think you should drop Grut straight away and go for Grunt, at least until you can break up with Grug again and then go for Grut; but have you thought about Sal's brother Grunk? By the way did I mention I have boyfriend? He's a really, really, big DJ — if you know what I mean — or has his own band or something? Anyway I was in the shower only yesterday when he mentioned some incredibly hilarious in-joke... how I laughed, of course there wouldn't be any point recounting it to you seeing as you're not part of my exclusive circle of friends. Vanilla coke, anyone?

soliciting solicitors

Dear Law Ho

I've sucked a lot of cock and have now got summer clerkship offers from Mallesons, Minters, and Claytons R'uz. How to choose? I think my wardrobe is suitable for each, but I'm having trouble working out which will win me the title of Law Society Slutmaster 2002?

'Lil' Law Ho' Champion 2001

C/o The Fashion Club

Well done Lil' Law Ho! A tricky predicament indeed! But it's easier than you think, you see it doesn't matter which firm you choose. Why, you ask? Simple, I can tell that you're a natural when it comes to the world's oldest profession. You're such a law ho that you'll easily out-ho anyone else in any firm. Go forth and solicit, the title's yours.

pc psycho

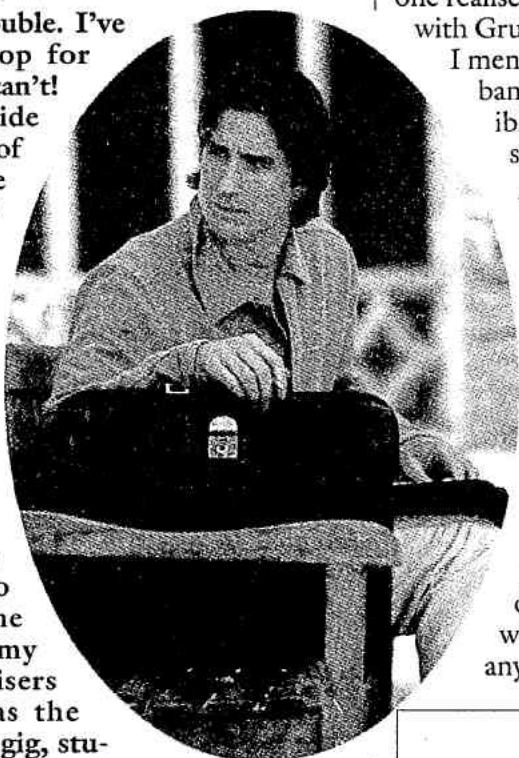
Dear Law Ho,

I'm in big, big, trouble. I've been trying to stop for months now; but I can't! I'm a total \$1-a-ride 'buys a whole lot of fun' PC whore. I've got this incredibly inflated idea that I am the guardian of public morals and virtue against vice (the Taliban were on to something you know). But worst of all I think I'm funny: I was doing some stand-up at a comedy gig called 'It's PC to Laugh' but no one was laughing at my jokes. The organisers told me "that was the whole point to the gig, stupid". Then they had the nerve to question my PC credentials and asked if I defined humour as what one laughs at or is 'funny'. I've never been accused of that before. I can't even get to sleep; I keep worrying I don't have enough friends from ethnic minorities with disabilities. I met this guy called Safari (or was it Choky?) but he was only a Quadrisexual Monkey Fucker and a member of a multi-ethnic hip hop group — very trendy and hip, but not a wheel chair in sight. I was so close damn it! Is it so much to ask for a friggin' wheel chair or crutches! I noticed in the mirror yesterday that I am also very, very, white: I'm worried I won't be in vogue at the next trendy rally. Would fake tan do the trick, or is that too tacky?

PC Plod

Darling Tortfeaser,

I think I understand what you're getting at, you really have got yourself into a nasty pickle with the cheese wire. Last time I was speaking to daddy from his yacht off St. Tropez I asked him to wire me some more *l'argent de poche* — what it takes to fill up a beemer today!....But where was I? Yes your awfully louche problem. Castration anxiety or something wasn't it? Here's an answer: GET A LIFE! A life, just one will suffice. We wouldn't want to cause any nasty accidents after all. If you can manage to dislodge that copy of *Discipline and Punish* from your... dear, dear, M. Foucault how passé. To be honest, I'm not afraid to admit to a Lost Cause when I see one, unfortunately I'm a bit tight at the moment — mobile bills you know — so I won't even be able to manage some loose pity for you. Oh and my lovely sunkist tan, did I mention papa's yacht?!!!



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truth and beauty

woroni brings you **mike giles**, winner of the anu literary society's short story competition for 2002, as judged by author **marian halligan**.

'Was it you that rang, madam?' the policeman asked, leaning through the open window of the patrol car.

'Yes, it was me, constable. I was walking along the cliff path, exercising my dog, when I looked through the fence, and there he was, sitting on the ledge with his feet dangling. Well, it gave me a shock, I can tell you.'

The policeman sighed and slid from the driver seat. The woman's small dog barked at him, straining at its lead. 'You said he asked for a priest.'

'Yes, that's right.'

'Did he say anything else?'

'No, nothing else.'

'Stay here, madam,' the policeman directed. 'We'll go and take a look.'

A priest climbed out of the passenger side. Together, the two men crossed some waste ground to a protective wire fence running along the cliff top.

'He's still there,' murmured the policeman. He unhooked a phone from his belt. 'He's still there,' he confirmed into the phone. 'Get the rescue squad out here as quick as you can. I've got a priest with me. He'll do what he can in the meantime.'

Sam gazed out at a panorama of sea, glittering in the afternoon sun. It was like a vast animal slumbering, its body undulating gently. Far below him the swell exhausted itself on the flat rocks at the base of the cliff, spreading in a carpet of frothing green water.

'You asked for a priest,' said a voice behind him. Turning, he saw a young man staring at him through the wire. He executed a slight bow. 'Good afternoon, Father. Excellent weather we're having.'

The priest nodded. 'Time of the year.'

'Indeed,' Sam agreed. 'Hard to beat a Sydney autumn day.'

'I'm Father Coghlan,' the priest announced.

'How do you do,' Sam replied. 'I'm Sam Foster.'

'You wanted to talk?' Coghlan asked, cautiously.

'About what?'

'Difficulties you may be having, perhaps.'

Sam considered the offer for a moment. 'No, not really.'

The priest hesitated. 'Then why did you ask to speak to a priest?'

Sam shrugged. 'I felt like a bit of company.' In truth, he needed to confess to somebody. For her sake. And he'd heard that priests offered that service. Remembering that he'd left his wallet behind, he hoped they didn't charge for it.

The priest moved a couple of paces along the fence, his white fingers protruding through the diamond shaped gaps. 'Would you mind telling me why you're on that side of the fence?'

'I intend to jump over the edge,' Sam explained.

'So why haven't you already?'

'Good one, Father,' Sam acknowledged, wagging a finger. 'You're assuming that because I haven't jumped yet, then maybe I won't. Maybe I'm only bluffing. Maybe all I want is a little bit of attention. Am I right?'

'Cries for help often express themselves in dramatic ways,' the priest agreed.

'Well, in my case you'd be wrong. I just want to make sure they find the body.' Sam couldn't bear to think of Tracy lying undiscovered for days, perhaps even weeks. She didn't deserve that.

'There's a body?' the priest asked, softly.

'In a culvert,' Sam confirmed. He picked up a stone and weighed it in his hand. 'I wonder how far down it is.' He moved to the edge and peered over. Satisfied, he pitched the stone into space and began to count. 'One, two, three, four, five, splash. Five seconds.' He sauntered back towards the fence.

'Where is the culvert?' the priest demanded.

'You don't want to know the height of the cliff?'

'Not particularly.'

'Near the intersection of Martin and Gilmour

Streets. In Silverwater. Know the area?'

'No, I'm afraid not.'

'Well, anyway, I'd appreciate you letting the police know.' He tried to remember what she'd been wearing. A skirt and top, probably. But what colour was the top? Blue, yellow, green? Blue had been her favourite colour. She'd always looked good in blue. She'd worn a light blue dress on their first date. With a matching scarf.

'Excuse me for a moment,' said the priest. The face at the wire disappeared. They would radio through to a car in the Silverwater area, Sam assumed. The priest reappeared a minute later, accompanied by a policeman.

'We'd like to know the gender of the victim if you wouldn't mind, sir,' said the constable.

'Female.'

'And her name?'

'Tracy. Tracy Styles.'

'Thank you, sir. We'll get back to you.' The policeman withdrew.

'Was she close to you?' the priest asked.

'Very,' Sam confirmed. The sun having dropped lower, the cliffs were in deep shadow. Where the horizon had been clear before, clouds had now accumulated, suggesting a change in the weather.

'Please climb back over the fence,' the priest implored. 'We'd be able to have a far more relaxed discussion.'

Sam skipped a couple of paces. 'I'm relaxed already, Father. I like it here. It's invigorating. Did you know that several species of gull nest around here? Silver gulls, Pacific gulls, Kelp gulls. Not to be confused with the terns of course. The lesser crested tern is a frequent visitor to these parts.' He shaded his eyes and searched the sky but no lesser crested terns came into view.

'When did you climb over?'

'About two this morning.' Sam shivered, remembering the alien voices, gibbering and chattering in the wind. 'But I only managed to sleep when the sun came up.' He went to the edge of his small kingdom and sat down, legs dangling over the side. The water far beneath him, no longer touched by the sun, seemed cold and remote.

'This woman,' the priest called. 'You've known her long?'

'Long enough.'

'You quarreled?'

Sam heaved backwards and got to his feet. 'No, we never quarreled. I got angry at times, I suppose. The course of true love and all that. But I made a point of never showing my anger. Better to walk away than be angry.'

'Except for last night.'

Sam frowned. 'Last night was a debate about truth, Father.'

'There may be mitigating circumstances about





last night,' the priest suggested. 'That's why you should come back over the fence and talk it out.'

Sam briefly reviewed the circumstances of last night but could find none of them mitigating. Because truth couldn't be changed or compromised, his conduct last night had been inevitable. Perhaps he should explain that to the priest.

'Would you like to hear a story about truth, Father? Truth and beauty to be exact.' Sam noticed a tightening of the knuckles on the priest's hand as he adjusted his grip on the wire fence.

'If you're ready to tell me then yes, of course,' the priest agreed.

Sam began to pace the length of his domain. 'Once upon a time a man fell in love with a beautiful woman. She moved with the grace of a cat and the lightness of thistledown. He swam for hours in the green pools of her eyes. Single handed, in the middle of a cold winters day, she was able to force the Spring to arrive. Just by being there. Being there with him.'

Coming to a tangle of bushes at the margin of his domain, Sam turned and retraced his steps. He needed to walk. It was some protection against the constricting pain that had started in his chest.

'She taught him things. Possessiveness killed love, she warned. Either lover should be free to go if the time ever came. If love ever died. The only rule was complete honesty and truthfulness in everything they did and said to each other. The truth, the whole truth must shine like the sun.'

Sam stopped and stared out to sea. The clouds on the horizon, now grown larger, were brushed with pink and gold. He tried to focus on the scene, to drink it in, but his vision was blurred. He touched his eyes and felt tears.

'Walking the beach, they watched the curve of every wave, heard the cry of every gull. He loved every turn of her body, ached to see the wind in her hair, to hear her laugh, to watch her stepping over the sea foam that spread across the golden sand. Beauty is truth, she said. And truth, beauty. That's all we know and need to know.'

Sam paused, willing the pain to subside but without success.

'Are you alright?' called the priest. 'You seem distressed.'

'Hunger, probably,' Sam grunted. 'Nothing to worry about.'

'Shall I ask the policeman to get you a sandwich?'

'No thanks. Not much point, really.'

Sam forced himself to move again.

'Then, one summer's day she came to him and said she was leaving. Showing amazing strength she seized great chunks of

truth and hurled them at him through her clear green eyes. He crashed to the ground, huge splinters of truth showering over the floor. I've met someone else, she said. And want to be with him. Honesty howled around the walls, shivering and whining under the door, filling the house. Rainbows glittered from jagged slivers of truth that clung to his clothes and lodged in his hair.'

Sam staggered to the fence and clung to it, shaking uncontrollably.

Startled, the priest stepped back a couple of paces. 'Help is on the way,' he whispered. 'Don't despair.'

'One hundred and fifty metres to the base of the cliff,' Sam muttered, his teeth chattering. 'Approximately.'

'Would you like my coat?' the priest offered.

'Kind of you,' Sam managed. 'But I'm likely to get it wet.'

'If you're a Christian we could pray together.'

Sam had never considered the notion of praying. He knew that many people did it and had often wondered why. He held to the view that there was no beginning to existence and no end. Time stretched infinitely backwards and forwards. Beginnings and ends were merely what human lives had to endure.

'Best if I just finish my story,' Sam decided.

The priest shrugged. 'As you wish.'

'There isn't much more to tell, really,' said Sam. 'The man struggled to his feet, vainly searching for a truth to combat her truths. What could he say in return? How should he react? She was leaving him for another man. That was her truth. If he wished her well, it would be a lie. If he begged her to stay, she might laugh. So, in the name of honesty he hit her several times. And, under the great blazing banner of truth, he forced her to the floor and brutally raped her.'

Letting go of the fence, Sam was amazed to find he could stay upright. He took a step. And then another. Yes, he could manage it. And wonderfully the pain had receded. He heard a siren coming closer, wailing through the suburban streets. Reinforcements, coming to rescue him. He backed up against the fence, readying himself to push off.

The priest called out in alarm. 'No, stay, don't.'

Laughing, Sam launched himself towards the edge of the cliff. With enough speed he'd be able to sail well clear of the small ledges and outcrops further down the cliff wall. He took off perfectly, arms outstretched. Above and below him the sea and sky was now a harmony of blue, turquoise and gold, a dazzling sunset he would always remember.

The priest watched as a member of the police rescue team was lowered down the cliff.

'They checked the culvert,' said the constable, coming to stand beside him. 'Nothing there but rats.'

'Could it have been another culvert?'

'They don't think so. They managed to contact the woman he mentioned.'

'Tracy Styles?'

'Yeah. Apparently she'd been in a relationship with Foster but they broke up a couple of months ago. He'd been a bit upset at the time but she assumed he'd got over it.'

'She didn't mention any quarrels or fights?'

'Nothing to speak of.'

The priest sighed. 'I should have been able to save him.'

'Don't fret yourself,' the constable counseled. 'If a nut case feeds you a pack of lies there's not a lot you can do.'

'He might have been a bit careless about the facts,' the priest admitted wearily. 'But the rest of what he told me was the truth.'





**augie march, *strange bird*
zak mccracken**

Augie March. What a wonderful band. They've been around for a few years now, releasing albums here and there, not really making it huge for themselves but becoming well known amongst those who would deign to seek them out. There is something of an underground Augie March following, legions of understated fans who support their every move. I am not one of them, however, and have not paid much attention to their previous releases. I'm sure for most of you, as well as me, they'd fall into the category of "song that I've heard on the radio a hundred times and kinda like but never really paid a whole lot of attention to" – and if this is the case, then I recommend you do start paying attention. This album is a beautiful one, obviously undertaken with great care and passion. The feeling these guys have for their music really comes across in the composition of these tracks. The flowing melodies and wonderfully catchy-without-being-irritating choruses really show off the songwriting ability that has gained them an internation-

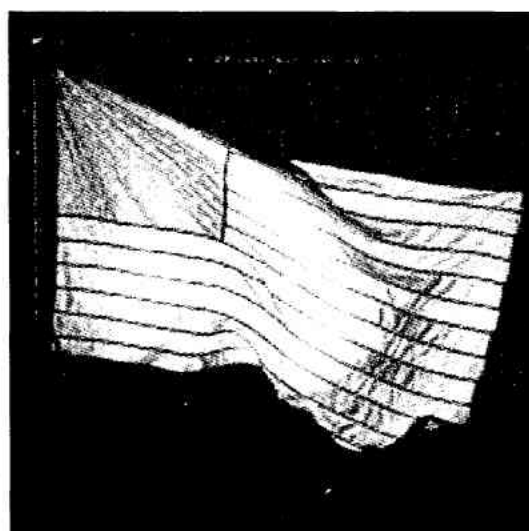
ally huge cult following. It is an album to relax to, mostly, but also just to listen to and enjoy; something I think is quite rare nowadays. It's as good as background music at a chillin' summer barbie as it is as discman material for the bus or plane. They've done a great job of varying the styles on the album, too; it's not just one long drawn-out guitar tune. They've got a great range, from the pumped-up track "Song In The Key Of Chance" to the beautifully mellow (but slightly sinister) The Keepa, right down to the almost rockabilly "This Train Will Be Taking No Passengers". This mix of quite different yet still somehow similar styles don't confuse the listener, but complement each other, like beer and laksa. Their lyrics are poetic without being too profound and wanky. All of their musicians are skilled and talented. The production is great. Even the album art is terrific. They're even home-grown Aussies! This is one of the best albums I've heard for a long time; I recommend you hear it. Bravo Augie March, I'll be waiting for the encore.



**squarepusher, *do you know squarepusher*
thom mackey**

Do you know Squarepusher? No, really, do you? If you don't, then you should. Regarded as one of the greatest electronica artists of today, Tom Jenkinson under his Squarepusher alias is a name which carries a lot of weight in the underground dance scene. He is known for his viciously funky manipulation of his self-played drum and bass beats, and his often brutal subsequent twisting of said beats into a static mess. Sounds good? It is. Published by the Warp label – which also carries acts like Aphex Twin, Autechre, Nightmares on Wax and so on – this is his latest and most mechanical release. Much less jazzy than his previous works like the classic *Burning'n Tree*, *Do You Know Squarepusher* leans heavily towards the more electronic side of Tom's musical personality. There are far fewer musical grooves on this release than we have heard from him in the past. While this may detract from what many people like about Squarepusher's previous work, it is still excellent stuff – especially the fourth track, *Anstromm-Feck 4*, which is a short but very, very sweet piece of rather aggressive noise. Also of note is a cover of

"Tainted Love", which – while not a particularly *good* cover – is remarkable in that I don't think he's ever done anything that resembles a "real song" before. The main problem with this album is that it's too short – clocking in at only 35 minutes, it's like a two-week holiday to a foreign land: you end up only just starting to really enjoy and appreciate it and then it's over. Presumably aware of this issue, the producers have made the album a two-disc release. Accompanying the new material is a live set recorded in Japan in 2001. This is what makes the album worthwhile if you happen to be a first-time purchaser. While this disc holds little of particular interest for old fans, new listeners will find it most enjoyable, as it is an exceptional set with an abundance of energy. Still, while the live CD is excellent for newcomers, it doesn't quite make up for the lack of fresh meat; and at a cost of around a dollar per minute, this is questionable value for those explicitly seeking the new stuff. Despite this, the album is a very good one overall. It's not just more of what we know, and what we get now is as good as we used to.



**suicide, *american supreme*
ivan denisovich**

A band that nobody's heard of? In this day and age, how could it be? One would think that with the amount of entertainment media around, at least one of the people that I've talked to in the past month would have heard of a band called Suicide. Evidently not. How did people miss a band that's been around since 1977 (they supported the Clash for god's sakes), put out 5 studio albums, and have (apparently) been consistently described as pioneers throughout their career? Well, as a guess, I'd say it's something to do with the fact that, well, they're not very good. Perhaps they may have been back in their day, when their self-proclaimed "harsh electronic" music was pushing the envelope of common experience and drawing the unsuspecting brit-rockers into a whole new world of guitar- and drum-less songs. However, I suspect these two young (well, rather old, actually) men are well and truly past their prime. Having not heard the rest of their material I can't say if they've gotten better or worse, or if they deserve more credit than this album would imply. I hope they do. I'm willing to give them

the benefit of the doubt and assume that they weren't always boring. I'll assume they haven't always been as irritatingly retro-punk as they are today (although I suppose they would have a right to be; by some accounts, they started punk electronica); their music in today's context comes across as outdated and dull, with little that inspires the listener. It bears an unnerving similarity to what Iggy Pop would sound like if you halved the BPM of his music and played it through an outdated synthesizer. However, I guess it is pioneering in a way, and it's interesting because of my reaction. I call it crap because I'm not used to it. That's interesting simply on principle. The fact that people make new music like this (even when it sounds old), and reviewers call it terrible and boring, might be indicative to a resurgence in the genre. All of you wondering what the new development in music will be, this could be it – but keep in mind every record label that has released a new Suicide album has gone under in the first few months. I think I know why.

from all the woroni crew to all of you our readers...

"I don't know if you could call it false advertising, but I agree, 'hearty' isn't a word I typically associate with sushi."
— overheard near an unnamed sushi bar.

have a good break, keep it real.



my mother india

when your mother defies propriety to hang her panties on the washing line, and your father has theories on his collection of indian kitch, what can one do but make a film about it. **amber beavis** chats with **safina uberoi** on her latest creation, *my mother india*

Every family has its eccentricities. My uncle, for example, wears a fedora on the hottest days of the year and my mother took us on rock-collecting holidays when we were children. But Safina Uberoi's family is something special. With a grandfather who was a minor guru (with disciples from America called 'Candi'), a grandmother who insists that all men are bastards and provides basic legal advice to women in her village, and two parents who collect kitch, Indian, calendars which scandalise the neighbourhood, there was no other option but to make a film about them. My Mother India is, simply put, Safina Uberoi's recollections of her childhood with a focus on the experience of her Canberra-born mother, Patricia, living in India with her husband, Jit, and her three children. It's a story about immigration, isolations, community, family, personal quirks and eccentricities (such as collecting Indian kitch calendars) and it just happens to cross the path of the events of 1984. 1984 was a year in which there was an escalation of political turmoil in the state of Punjab where there had been calls for the establishment of a separate Sikh state. The Indian Prime Minister, Indira Gandhi, responded by sending troops into the Golden Temple, the holiest of Sikh shrines, in order to 'flush out' suspected terrorists who had taken refuge there. This had a profound impact on the Sikh community who felt that their temple had been desecrated. Jit, a confirmed atheist, reacted very strongly and reconverted to Sikhism. When Indira Gandhi was gunned down by her Sikh bodyguards, vigilante groups took to the streets and burnt Sikhs alive. Safina Uberoi and her family watched this from their rooftop until friends came and hid them in their home until the riots had finished.

My initial response, having seen the film, to the concept of interviewing both Safina Uberoi and producer, Penny McDonald, was to back out of it. This was a personal story, one which covered life events which my experiences did not even approach. Every question I thought of seemed trite, a platitude, in the face of such breadth of experience. But I went, and I did the interview. And I was very, very, glad I did.

Safina Uberoi is an amazing character. Aside from being confident and articulate and a quite bubbly personality, her passion for film-making is evident. While the film covers the political events of 1984, My Mother India is first and foremost a film about family. The opening narrative starts with a shot of a bra and two pairs of panties hanging on a line in a back garden in Delhi. Whilst neighbours look on disparagingly, Safina's voiceover explains that her mother "hung her panties on the washing line for all to see", something which provoked disapproval, but she explains that "they were like a flag, proclaiming her Australian nationality". This is primarily a film about personal experiences and how sometimes a political experience can become personal. Because "even within a family there can be a cultural barrier".

A major component of the film is the issue of acceptance. Safina explained that "In actual life my Indian grandmother who wouldn't normally have had an association with an Aussie daughter in law actually really took to my mother. She had a really strong relationship with her and in fact doesn't talk any more to my father — because he's a man! — and has a very strong relationship with my mother. And on the other side, my Australian grandmother she developed an extraordinary relationship with my brother. He arrived [in Australia] when she was 75 and she took this teenage boy into her life and he lived with her for ten years and in the end he was looking after her. He was like the son she never had. He was happy even as a young man to care for her and in the end she changed. She got to the stage where she ate curry. So for me the film was about cultural difference but also change".

Not only has Uberoi confronted issues that were of personal significance, but her film is appropriate in this current period in time where the point of view of people migrating to Australia is not always appreciated. "It's the opposite of a classic migrant story. The thing you always imagine is of migrants coming here and also that when they come here we treat the stories as problematic and I think it's important to do something different by, first of all, showing it as a mirror. Here's an Australian. She's the stranger. She's the foreigner. She has to make a life for herself in a new land. She is the one who has to face culture shock and she's the one who has to create a new identity for herself".

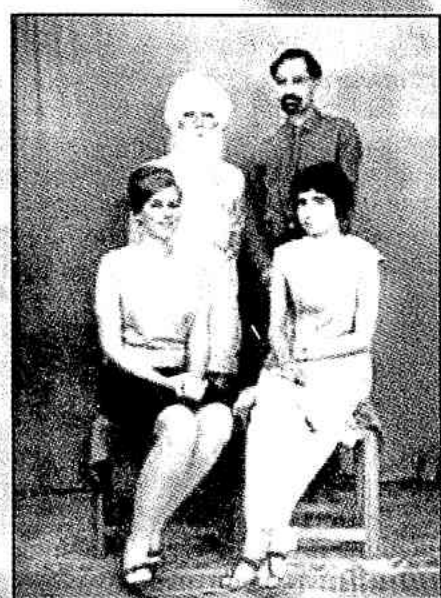
An interesting component of the film, Uberoi said, was the new things she learnt about her family. She explained that "in fact what happens when you make a film like this is that you ask really personal questions and you normally don't ask questions like these of your family. They're questions that are left unsaid. It's the veil of privacy between parents and children. And when you make a film like this you have to rip that veil away, but in doing so it is personally painful. I ask my mother something, I touch



a nerve, I learn something I never knew before and she cries. And the human side of me is saying 'why did you take her back to this place of pain' and the filmmaker part is saying 'great! Good material!'. Producer Penny McDonald commented that "this was such a personal film. "In the early days I said to Safina 'this is going to be the hardest film you'll ever make' and I think it has been a very difficult journey".

But despite the difficulty of the journey, the result has been worthwhile. Not only has the film been well received at both Australian and international film festivals, but the audience response has been overwhelmingly positive. As Penny says "the film is only 50% of the equation, the other 50% is the audience and how they interact. It's nothing without an audience". Judging from attendance at the recent premiere of the film at Centre Cinema, this film is certainly something. Furthermore to Safina's delight the film has been pirated: "there are copies in the Indian spice stores in Sydney. I think it's ok...and another sign that it's made it is that it has a nickname — and somebody said to me the other day, "How is MMI going". It's going good.

My Mother India is currently screening at Ronin Cinemas.



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red dragon, brett ratner
marla the tumour

I really like scary movies. They're fun. Some people go skydiving, I go to the flicks. But what tends to disturb me is when you go to see a somewhat violent — perhaps even macabre — film like the latest in the Hannibal Lecter trilogy, *Red Dragon*, and there are several angry looking men who come to see the film on their own, wearing hooded jackets and sitting up close to the screen, like a telly-tubby-obsessed pre-schooler. But resist the urge to identify all exits because whilst *Red Dragon* is voyeuristic and deliberately shocking, it's a film which once again provides an area on which Anthony Hopkins can depict the most charming of serial killers, Hannibal the Cannibal.

Now I'm not sure how qualified I am to write this review as I spent a large proportion of the film covering my eyes with my scarf, but I can say that this was a good film. Perhaps one reason that *Red Dragon* works so well is the fact that it is based on the first instalment of the Lecter trilogy, the events occurring prior to those related in *Silence of the Lambs* and *Hannibal*. Consequently, all character elements and plot details taken from the book are fresh and untainted by Hannibal's status as a marketable commodity while, above all else, the audience's appreciation of his persona is highly developed. This, in combination with a truly remarkable cast, places *Red Dragon* on the upper end of the scale between the muted brilliance of *Lambs* and the uncertain voyeurism of *Hannibal*.

This is a prequel to *Silence of the Lambs* and it takes us from Lecter's initial capture and arrest, up to the moment before he meets Clarice Starling for the first time. Will Graham (Ed Norton) is a brilliant young FBI criminal profiler who retired after he was responsible for the arrest of Dr Lecter, his mentor. Some years later, having retired from the police force, Will is called upon by Jack Crawford (Harvey Keitel) to assist on a new case. Unable to crack the profile of the serial killer known as the Tooth Fairy, Will begins to again consult Hannibal in order to better understand the criminal he seeks.

What makes this film is not the plot (which has gaps), but the performances. Ed Norton plays this one as a family man who has the imagination and intelligence to get inside the minds of those he seeks to bring to justice. Harvey Keitel is stalwart as the FBI chief who supports Will from start to finish and there's a charming role from Phillip Seymour Hoffman as a representative of the press. Ralph Fiennes is superb as Francis Dolarhyde, the monster with a soul, and then there's Emily Watson as the straight-talking, blind, paramour because of whom we see the human side of evil. But most of all it's about Anthony Hopkins and his Hannibal, the serial killer who you can't help liking.

Try and watch, but don't feel bad if you're covering your eyes 50% of the time. It's the thought that counts.

the cat's meow, peter bogdanovich
ben nguyen

On a weekend in 1924, a group of gay Hollywood types are invited aboard the comely vessel *Oneida*, to celebrate a birthday of one of their number. The captain is William Randolph Hearst (Edward Herrmann), newspaper magnate and attempted movie tycoon; he has aboard his mistress, starlet Marion Davies (Kirsten Dunst), for whose attention he shall have to compete with the amorous Charlie Chaplin (Eddie Izzard), fresh off his first box office failure. There's the birthday boy, struggling producer/studio head Thomas Ince (Cary Elwes), on board with his business partner and the woman they share (Claudia Harrison), as well as a spoilsport married couple and two actress/singer/flapper types. To round it out there's even a couple of gossip columnists (Joanna Lumley and Jennifer Tilley), surprising, because most on board seem to think of their sort as the enemy (although these two are strictly on the Hearst payroll). As the movie spells out in the funeral scene that opens the film (as fans and autograph hunters cram up against a police barricade for a sight of the stars), for one of these people the ship will become a coffin. Just who and just how is for us to find out.

This is one of those fun, character driven ensemble pieces with healthy doses of humour to go along with the dramatic, and the addition of both the period and a murder brings this into remarkably similar territory as *Gosford*

Park. Although the servants are excluded from the narrative of this tale, a noticeable weakness after Altman's film, *The Cat's Meow* does attempt a critique of the American aristocracy as represented by Hollywood. The ways that gender and sex fit within this picture is rather interesting. Whilst the women here form part of a larger break with social constraints (the winning of the vote is mentioned), the film highlights just how much women were still painfully reliant on men to achieve success. The most interesting characterisations play with the tensions within these sexual politics; Ince for example is much more desperate for Hearst's money than Davies is, Harrison's character cares little for the fame that the others assume she seeks, and Tilley's columnist is able to get what she wants without using sex. Unfortunately, the unoriginal conclusions of the film — that true love and success are incompatible and money and power corrupting — fail to capitalise on the material's full potential.

Nonetheless, the performances are all strong, the music is great as is the sound design (the almost constant frothy, jazzy score for the first half gives way to the ship's creaking and rumblings as trouble sets in), and the early wordiness of some of the scenes is taken over by suspense as the conflicts begin to boil. You won't need a life jacket for this one.

the bourne identity, doug liman
fern beavis

The success of an action film depends on two critical features: a fast paced narrative and soundtrack and physical action onscreen. *The Bourne Identity* went far beyond this classic Hollywood stereotype, and hit the genre with a more refined and less passive scope. In the first five minutes of the film, my mate leant over and said 'Matt Damon looks like a pineapple'. After scrawny roles in *Good Will Hunting*, *The Talented Mr Ripley* and *Saving Private Ryan*, Damon looked anything but a pineapple. In intensive physical training for months so that he could complete his own stunts, Damon was highly convincing in his role.

The tragedy of action films is that they follow a distinct formula: action, action, pash between stumpy, hideous action hero and pouty six foot bombshell, action, car chase, steamy sex scene, action, shoot out and good guy wins complete with battle scars as he walks through his front door with wife and dog, so that we too can believe that we have the potential to be hero's.

The Bourne Identity, however, prevented the audience

from being a passive viewer through the complete engagement of the audience with Damon and Potente (*Run Lola Run*). Rescued from the ocean by a French fishing boat, he wakes up with amnesia, two bullet holes in his back and an implant with a bank account number lacerated into it. The progression and intensity of the film relied on the fact that the viewer knew as much about what was going on as Damon, making the urgency to find out all the more convincingly real and intense.

The film could have relied on the cunning narrative alone, as seen in director Doug Liman's previous two films *Swingers* and *Go*. Cinematic techniques, however, extended this film way beyond its mainstream counterparts. Subtle aspects within the frame, such as an Estee Lauder 'Intuition' billboard, which summed up the strength of Damon's character in a word, eye catching editing and a funky soundtrack, gave this film an edge and speed that had me completely captivated for its duration. One definitely worth seeing.

what was hip then? it's all about ludes dude

barb itchyrate on: quaaludes and how they made the 70's great

Banned in the late 1970s, Quaaludes were a drug of choice during the Vietnam war era. Stokely Carmichael, Hunter S. Thomson, the young Nancy Reagan, Patrick White and Serge Gainsbourg – all 'lude freaks. 'Lude mythology has it that an entire third year History of Consciousness class at the University of Brisbane popped ludes before a lecture in 1969 and sat immobilised in their seats for fifteen hours, drooling on their paisley kaftans.

"Fixed for luuuudes, dude?" — not a generational refrain on a par with "war, war, what is it good for", perhaps — but consider how different a course European history might have taken if the happy student frogs had not half of them been totaled on Quaaludes, draped snoring on the barricades in 1968.

Up there with cream bulbs in the idiotic drugs stakes, "Quaalude" was the brand name for the depressant methaqualone, a central nervous system depressant similar to the barbiturates. A serious downer powerful enough to knock you out for hours and wipe your memory blank as a slate, Quaaludes were a fore-runner to the entirely unappealing 'date rape' drug, Rohypnol.

Like Valium, 'ludes were designed in the 1950s to manage anxiety and stress and to reduce chronic pain. A muscle relaxant, Quaaludes were popular recreational drugs because they induced a state of euphoric semiconsciousness as well as an overwhelming urge to lie down and take a long nap. Anywhere.



As today, so in 1967 — the culture has to make certain allowances for people's extra-legal intoxicants. Raves put on free water for the euphoric punters now, but the popularity of ludes encouraged the proprietors of long-hair nightspots to furnish their venues with copious dirty couches and thin mattresses. Thus the perfect evening for a zany lude-popper consisted of doing a few downers, listening to an awful covers band in stove-pipe jeans play Cream covers and then passing out in a coma on a mattress in the corner.

As immortalised in Cameron Crowe's terrifically sappy cock rock idyll *Almost Famous* (when Penny Lane, soft-hearted groupie and girl-next-door gone wrong, overdoses and jitters around in convulsions) Quaaludes reduced one's heart and breathing rate and blood pressure, and induced a loss of limb and speech control similar to extreme drunkenness. Tolerance to Quaaludes could be developed very quickly and anecdotal evidence suggests the habit was harder to kick than junk. What was more, mixing alcohol and ludes was often fatal because of the combined effect of the two depressants on the respiratory system.

Nonetheless, ludes were prescribed with gusto by many doctors through the 1970 and into the 1980s before eventually being banned during what was otherwise a decade of excess.

i dig this: modest mouse

"matilda" on mushrooms

There are two types of friends out there. There are those whose music collections wouldn't sit uncomfortably with that of your parents, even in your dad's Nana Mouskouri phase, or even worse, the Britney and Mandy Moore fetishists. Then there are the friends who know all the birthdays of the guys in The Ramones and wouldn't have looked out of place as an extra on *High Fidelity* or a Tenacious D video clip. The former might frequent *Insomnia*, the latter might be slouching around the uni campus trying to look like a skinny white boy Strokes wannabe. But whatever you think of weedy characters wearing '70s Adidas jackets they could have picked up at Vinnies but instead paid \$80 at Cowboys and Angels, some of them have good record collections and aren't sorry to sink a beer or three on the cheap. Definitely my kind of people.

In this vein, my first exposure to Modest Mouse came via a mixed tape from a friend on an infamous road trip to the chaste and quiet town of Byron Bay. With lyrics like "1000 miles is a long long long wait in a car, 1100 miles is too far inside a car", the Modest Mouse sentiment was spot on, and the music wasn't half-bad either. Other lyrics, song and CD titles include thoughts like "it's been agreed the whole world stinks so no one's taking showers anymore", "talking shit about a pretty sunset", "space travel is boring" and "this is a long drive for someone with nothing to think about". Were these people reading my drug addled brain? Over many joints, I too, had pondered the same questions. What are people made of? How do you go out and find blind spots? Is my only art fucking people over? In Modest Mouse, had I finally met my kindred drug fucked spirits? It continued to grow on me. I bought one CD, and then another. Suddenly I had four albums, and officially called myself a groupie. Long live Seattle garage grunge.

what's still hip now: jem — truly outrageous

marla the tumour on: the eighties grrl rock sensation

When I was nine I was not allowed to have a Barbie doll. This was a serious problem. Whilst my friends had forgiven my aversion to the colour pink and had overlooked the disdain I directed towards My Little Pony, this final transgression sealed my fate as a social pariah of the playground. But I didn't care, because I had found the answer to my problems in the form of Jem.

The problem with the Barbie doll was that her feet were undersized, her breasts were oversized, the delicacy of her neck really called for the support of a surgical collar and, in short, they were a tool of a capitalist and misogynist empire. As a dutiful daughter I accepted this edict from my Mary Wolstoncroft-reading mother, however, sometimes not being part of the gang ranked. This was where Jem made her entrance. Jem was far hipper than Barbie. Where Barbie was a nurse and a teacher and a dental assistant, Jem was a rock star who in another incarnation ran a home for orphaned girls. She was social justice wrapped up in sequins with her very own rock cassette tape, microphone and flashing-light earrings. She was my idol.

Jem wasn't just another rock star doll though — she had character. Created by MTV, the launch of the doll was accompanied by an animated series (broadcast early Saturday morning) which told the

story of Erica. Erica ran a home for orphaned girls, but funding was scarce. When her father died in episode one he left her directions to a state-of-the-art computer called Synergy, that used holograms to change Erica, the blonde geek, into Jem, the pink-haired songstress. All Erica had to do was to touch her earrings and say 'show time Synergy' and she transformed into Jem. Outrageous. Truly, truly, truly outrageous.



But life m a k i n g money as a rock star to help underprivileged children wasn't all fun and g a m e s . W h e n you're fighting it out for top place in the c h a r t s against the kick-ass chick rockers, the Misfits, there's bound to be some fireworks. Time and time again, Jem and the Holograms went head-to-head with the Misfits, and of course, good always triumphed over evil.

Unfortunately, Jem was never the commercial hit she was meant to be. How a doll with a blonde-pink shag cut and her sidekicks with yellow, green and purple mullets could not be winners is beyond me, but then again, good taste never quite hit the 80's did it?

what's hip now: radii

So it's issue 10 of everybody's favourite paper, *Woroni*, and we all know what that means? That's right...a whole summer without the wit, humour and hard-hitting journalism that we all know and love (and the sarcasm. Don't forget the sarcasm). What to do? Where to turn to? Well never fear because a new eZine is here. That's right, as of x a new Canberra-based, nation-wide collaborative writing project and eZine is online, ready and waiting for your contributions, thoughts or just to browse through on a hot, summer's day.

It's called Radii and it's all about real-time writing. Established by Jackie Bailey, Julie Lovell and Kate Pounder, with design and with technical expertise from Lile Koneska and Thomas Dickson Radii was launched with the young author in mind. Radii is a chance for authors to get their visions published and in the public arena — but with a difference: there's feedback provided, something which isn't always forthcoming in print media.

Radii produces a more traditional eZine but it takes on-line writing that one step further. By creating an interactive interface, Radii takes advantage of the real-time nature of the internet and has produced a page where collaborative writing projects are a reality as well as the chance to contribute to Neverending Stories, Write in (haiku) Style or Building a Character.

So get on line and get your work out there:

<http://www.smartwebdesign.com.au/radii>



prez sez:

As the end of the year draws close, things continue to be happening at the Students' Association. The Association and the University are working to prepare things in time for 2003.

In earlier reports, I mentioned that the SA was lobbying for the University to install an on-line survey system for all courses. This would have given students and staff feedback on individual courses and allowed for monitoring of quality in education. However, in the last few weeks, the SA has been notified that the cost of such a system is prohibitive and therefore the system will not come into place as expected. I believe that quality assurance in our courses is of the utmost importance and that every course should be accountable. I would urge students to continue to press for changes to the monitoring of our courses

queer as fuck

Well, that's it. Game over. Another busy year for the ANUSA Sexuality Department has come to an end. And what a twelve months it has been! We had a great start to the year with a huge O-Week, followed closely by the second ever campus Pride Week in April. Of course, second term was spent preparing for the Queer Collaborations conference, which we successfully co-hosted with the University of Canberra in July. We shouldn't forget how much of an achievement this was, and I would like to take this opportunity to thank Aveline, Llewellyn, Brent and Kathy, as well as everybody else who helped to make this QC one of the best in recent times.

In third term the SexDep took a back seat as Jellybabies came to the fore with the inaugural Jellybabies Masquerade Ball. This was a fantastic event (hopefully the start of a long tradition) and I think Kathy, David and the rest of the Jellybabies executive who worked so hard putting this together deserve our congratulations. Finally, fourth term has been a little bit quieter than anticipated, and for this I would like to blame my thesis and humbly apologise. Still, there are events coming up in November, including Springout 2002 (see www.springout.webone.com.au for more details) which will also feature an academic debate on campus in mid-November.

Then, there is World AIDS Day on Sunday December 1st. This is a time for reflection on the ongoing struggle against increasing HIV 'infections', especially in the 'Third World'. This problem has not gone away, in fact it is getting much worse. Just as importantly, World AIDS Day is a time to think about the continuing appallingly-high rates of discrimination and harassment of People Living With

to ensure we receive a quality education in every subject.

The recommendations of the Review of Undergraduate Education have also been accepted by the Board of the Faculties, Education Committee and Academic Board. As such, these recommendations have begun the process of implementation. In particular, a working party has been convened to draft the Teaching and Learning Code. This Code will provide students and staff with a sense of rights and responsibilities for both parties. The Code will hopefully present a charter of the University's expectations of its members in the field of teaching and learning.

In terms of preparation for next year, most important has been the need for provision of adequate accommodation for our students. The guarantee scheme will continue to operate in 2003, so if you are looking to rent off-campus, remember that the University will provide a guarantee on your rent, subject to certain conditions. The University Accommodation Services will also be setting up a shopfront in the Students' Association at the beginning of next year for a few months. This will enable easier access to their services for students. As usual, if you have worries about accommodation,

HIV/AIDS, both in Australia and abroad. So, if you see someone selling red ribbons, I urge you to spare a couple of dollars and then wear it with pride, to show that we haven't forgotten.

Coincidentally, December 1st is also the day when I 'gracefully retire' from the SexDep and am replaced by David Mills. David, you are going to be a 'fabulous' Sexuality Officer and I wish you all the best for next year.

Finally, if you want to contact the Sexuality Department for any reason you can call us on 61258514, email on sexdep@student.anu.edu.au or just drop into the SA Building in Union Court.

Cheers, and have a nice life,

Alastair Lawrie
SA Sexuality Officer

sexdep@student.anu.edu.au

P.S. As many of you will know, part of the role of Sexuality Officer includes serving as a Director of Student Publications. Constitutionally, this means 'censoring' *Woroni* if it is found to contain anything that is sexist, racist or homophobic. Even if you are philosophically opposed to censorship, you still have to perform this (unwanted) task. It is a job that I take seriously and that is why I found *Woroni's* recent comments - that we censored something because we didn't 'find it funny' - to be extremely offensive. Not only is this disrespectful to people who are just doing their job, it is also fundamentally wrong; if we were to censor things just because they weren't funny, then this paper would have been a whole lot shorter this year.

"life is far too important to be taken seriously"
— oscar wilde

cunninglinguist

I write this final column with great pleasure and a sigh of relief, that my term as a prisoner of the Students' Association is now over.

It's been a highly successful year for women and the department, actively and effectively campaigning for legalised abortion, greater safety on campus and the ACT in general, the 25 stupid little morning after pills have been combined in to one (although it can still make you vomit) and there were hundreds of supporters at Reclaim the Night on Friday the October 25. Though I played but the part of facilitator, I do get that satisfied feeling of knowing my year of academic failure has not been in

vain.

I'd like to thank the countless people who gave their support and encouragement, food and completely biased opinions and without whom, I would have decided that white pants were a good idea (I'm obviously not that stable).

I would also like to thank those who found it completely appropriate to attack me personally in various forms of media and no doubt, in private. By bringing my alleged 'black clad wrath' to the department's attention, we now have grievance procedures which I hope you use in future. Of course being involved is always more effective than bitching from the sidelines.

Next year heralds a fresh start for the Women's Dept. Trish Gray will be the new officer and the collective will hopefully

please contact University Accommodation Services on 6125 1100.

Also, please remember that SIGN is still recruiting mentors for next semester. So if you're interested in looking after a few first years during their initial weeks on campus, contact Leanne Paonne on 6125 0057. Being a mentor is a great way to promote a community within the University and I would highly recommend it.

Finally, I wanted to use this opportunity in my last report to thank those who have been of such help to me this year. My deep-felt appreciation goes to the Executive who have worked so hard — Andrew, Dana, Tom and Dave — couldn't have done it without you. Of course, Michelle McWilliam has been a solid rock of support. My thanks also goes to the heads of departments and sub-departments and all the other representatives that have worked with many committees. I wish next year's SA the best of luck. My best wishes also go out to all of you for a successful exam period and a wonderful holiday.

Joanne Yin
President
sa.president@anu.edu.au

readin, ritin, rithmetic

Given that we are approaching the end of semester I have included an outline of some of the university rules that students may not be aware of.



1. Special Examinations - these can be granted where a student suffers a serious problem which prevents them from sitting the exam at the normal time. An example of this could be getting concussion two days before your exam. If you find yourself in this position you should contact the Sub-Dean of your Faculty to arrange for alternative arrangements. 2. Special Consideration — students can apply for special consideration when circumstances outside of their control render them at a disadvantage to other students. One example could be serious health complications. If you need special consideration you should get a form from the examinations department (under Melville Hall) prior to your exam if possible. While not mandatory it is also a good idea to contact your lecturer and inform them that you will be requesting special consideration. If you have any questions about the above procedures or need any help at all please do not hesitate to contact me at sa.education@anu.edu.au.

I would also encourage all of you to participate in the CEDAM course surveys that take place at the end of semester. This information helps teachers provide you with a better educational experience. Good luck with exams.

Andrew Jory SA Education Officer
sa.education@anu.edu.au

operate out of the new and improved, bigger, better Rapunzel Room. I have no doubts of her capability to represent women on this campus and ensure the collective remains as vibrant and cohesive as this year. Best of Luck Trish!

Good luck to all you people who insist on doing assessment and exams — I'm sure you'll get the marks you deserve.

To get in contact with the Department over the summer break, e-mail Trish on

sa.womens@anu.edu.au.

Nadia Docrat
SA Women's Officer
sa.womens@anu.edu.au

Results for The Australian National University Students' Association and NUS Elections, 2002

The President of the Association — Steve Michelson

The Vice-President of the Association — Dave Kelly

The Education Officer of the Association — Andrew Shelley

The General Secretary of the Association — Christine Burke

The Social Officer of the Association — Sarah Harte

The Treasurer of the Association — Soh Lip Ban

Fourteen General Representative positions to the SRC — Ameer Ali, Intan Eow, Prabhasa Kukanesan, William Lester, Lucy Sargeson, Lucy Snedden, Nick Tedeschi, Daniel Connolly, Sarah Keenan, Nicola Jackson, Correa McKenzie, Nicholas Smith, Brett Muller, Amy Bauder

Two Faculty Representative positions to the FRC for Faculty of Arts — Lucy Sargeson, Dan Gerritsen

Two Faculty Representative positions to the FRC for Faculty of Asian Studies — Gaia Puleson, Thomas Mahony

Two Faculty Representative positions to the FRC for Faculty of Economics and Commerce — Jill Shi, Kim Johnston

Two Faculty Representative positions to the FRC for Faculty of Engineering and Information Technology — Graham Mills

Two Faculty Representative positions to the FRC for the Faculty of Law — Charlie Beasley, Kylie Castrissios

Two Faculty Representative positions to the FRC for the Faculty of Science — Duncan Longstaff, Christine Henry

Editor of *Woroni* — Thom Mackey and Ali Jenkins

The Sexuality Officer — David Mills

The Environment Officer — Natalie Keane

The Women's Departmental Officer — Trish Gray

Delegates to the Meetings of National Conference of the National Union of Students Inc. — Correa McKenzie, Satheesan Sudhakaran, Andrew Bomm, Bek Hamed

what to do over summer to save the planet

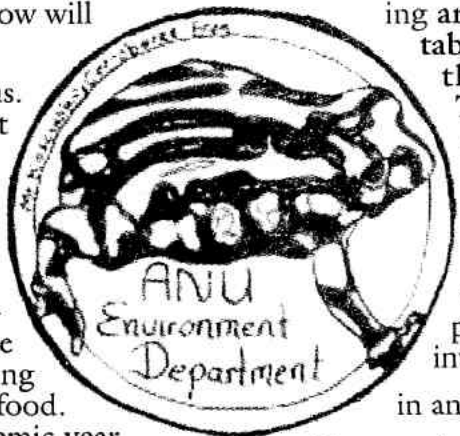
Three months with What else? Well, there is a field trip
out this column to Wollongong, more lay-
ing art on the Union
guide and protect you? How will tables, a festival at
the earth survive? to the Aboriginal
Tent Embassy
for all of Janu-
ary, a national student
environment get-together
on January 29, and prepara-
tion for O-Week. As al-
ways, email us or give us a
phone call if you want to be
involved
in any of that.

It's been a strange month for us. Mere days after most of us got back from the **This Is Not Art** festival (<http://www.thisisnotart.org>), The **Factor Of Ten** mission started (<http://www.anu.edu.au/factorofTEN/>) That has seen us involved in a series of lectures — the 'Student snapshots' — and forcing random strangers to eat organic food.

We're hoping to finish the academic year off with a bang, or at least a party, called **Green Screen**. It's free, Friday November 22, in Garema Place, with movies, bands, DJs, food...

And once that's over, it's all up. The undergraduate bits of the campus will fall silent and empty, like a plague has stricken us, or like we've all gone to Melbourne maybe. Well, not quite. We'll still be around. If you're going away, one thing to do to keep the fire alive would be to grab a copy of the **Green Guide** from the Environment Collective offices. It's a short booklet choc-full of easy ideas for living a little more lightly on the planet. We made it for the Factor of Ten project, and it's free.

And if you're around this summer, drop by the SA. We're making a bigger, better, and cooler version of O-Week next year, all through the summer break. And you're invited to be part of it. Got an article? Images? Expertise to share? We want YOU. Email us first, at enviro.collective@anu.edu.au to make sure that we'll be in the offices, though, or you might find the door is locked. Oh, you can also call us on 6125 9869.



in any of that.

Next year's environment collective contact-people are Natalie Keane, Lucy Snedden

and Julian Hay. I want to wish them heaps of luck and love and other nonsense for next year's collective. Don't go leaving the SA windows open, ya hear?

Dan(iel) MacKinlay

SA Enviro Officer

enviro.collective@anu.edu.au

this is my pet spider. her name is shakira.



Graeme Andrews
Ged Stenhouse
Peter McPhillips
Michelle Nasarotti
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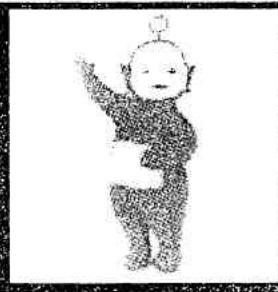


THE 'STRINE

FUCK OFF AND DIE



Longest Russian Opera Ever Receives Rave Reviews



Purple Tele-Tubby To Release Purple Furry Bondage Gear

180 Die of Boredom in Canberra Night Club Last Saturday Night

Anastasia Trout-Litovsk

Tuesday: Police have ruled out nerve gas or mass poisoning as potential causes of the deaths of 180 people in *Minsk*, a Canberra nightclub. Investigators are now concentrating on the theory that the patrons may have died of boredom when the *Ministry of Sound Summer Annual IV* ("Ibiza Feelings") was played for a fourth time in as many hours. They have dismissed earlier speculation that conversation about the public service may have contributed to the tragedy.

Survivors reported that club-goers

began to drop dead during the track "Rivers of Babylon (Boney M. v. Intense Fonda Techno)". Many more people were crushed to death in the ensuing stampede.

Jeneanne, 17, narrowly escaped the carnage when she was denied entry. "Like I guess I should thank the bouncers," she said, "Erindale High lost seven of its senior girls in the accident."

Police refused to comment on whether local DJ Kravitz Remix de Trop XTC, who died in the confusion, had deliberately murdered

his victims, but the French and German embassies have branded the incident a "terrorist attack". "We have been investigating Mr. Kravitz Remix de Trop XTC ever since the suspicious deaths of three men in the Cologne Shakira outbreak," said Herr Ambassador Katzenjammer.

"Prolonged exposure to this dangerous cocktail of bad house and inane dance has been known to provoke paralysis or convulsions," claimed Dr. Karloff Lukoshenko of the ANU's Institute of Dance Trauma Research.

Right: Raver Jane Stirling remains mysteriously oblivious to the tragedy which unfolded around her. Below: This isn't happening in Canberra.



Fastest and Slowest Gay Men in World "Overflowing with Pride"

Sharia Kazakhstan

Roland Robertson is "overflowing with pride" after winning a gold medal in the 100 metres sprint at the 2002 Sydney Gay Games. "I am overflowing with pride," he said. "I am the fastest faggot in the world."

At 11.2 seconds, Mr. Robertson set a new world gay record, only 0.4 of a second behind the world not-gay record. "This is a victory for the whole community," he

claimed. "Queer athletes the world over are slowly achieving parity with their heterosexual counterparts."

Jeneane Plath-Jenkins remains the strongest lesbian in the world. She has also reclaimed the world not-lesbian record which she lost to Olympic gold medallist and Ukrainian lifter Sergei Putdasteroidsin at the Sydney not-gay Olympics, held in 2000.

In related news: Tom Katistansibus, the slowest gay man in the world is "overflowing with pride". Tom, who has won back-to-back gold medals at the Montreal and Sydney Gay Games, was last night crowned "the slowest gay man in the world" at a private function at the Midnight Shift. "I am overflowing with pride," said the toned 26 year old masseur from Majorca, "Who would have thought that I could have come so

far?"

Tom has participated in the open division of the gruelling three-day marathon event since he turned sixteen almost a decade ago.

Tom's victory came after an exacting four-hour tie-break with Finnish accountant Greg Stanislavic, who shot a credible twenty-sixth at the O'Connor invitational earlier this month.

Young Arts Student Killed in Chifley Renovation Process

Gillian Tidwinkle

In a shocking event a 3rd year Arts student was found dead when a construction site was reopened in the Chifley library. Apparently the library staff so excited about their renovation had forgot to check if there were any people left after they had removed the book. Sadly, Andrew Laines was crushed to death. According to sources, Andrew actually banged on the door and ground in order to alert the library staff to his plight. However, the staff said they could not help him due to cutbacks. Many of the staff were recently replaced by foreign periodicals. Moreover, the library duty officer Angy said, "We told him, go get a yellow form, fill it out and will come and get you in the next 48 hours. He then complained that he did not

have yellow form. We told him that the renovation process was



Above: Andrew was a good student.

about cooperation with the staff." Police reported that Andrew had become lost in the library looking for a working photocopier and journal articles from before 1998.

Andrew's parents were devastated when they received in the mail the \$100 fine for the books Andrew failed to return after his death.

Are You Africa's Most Delicious Scholar? The Amin Scholarship

The Amin scholarship was established in 1973, by African statesman and philanthropist Idi Amin. Every year, thousands of succulent candidates apply, and only nine make it through our grilling selection process. Amin scholars are chosen for:
* Community Work and Eating People,
* Sports and Traditional Dances,
* Daddy's links to other despots.



7,500 quid and a hut in Oxford

Who cares where the money came from?

Youth Representatives Agree at Conference: Youth is Good.

Naomi Joy

Hello, I am Naomi and I recently attended the *Australian Youth Leadership Summit Round Table Advisory Committee*, to give a voice to youth in Australia. To show the old that we are the youth and we have something to say.

Before I came to the *Australian Youth Leadership Summit Round Table Advisory Committee* I felt frustrated that I couldn't have any input into society, that nobody valued my opinions. From my mother's dinner table to the Federal Parliament, nobody seemed to care about my perceptivity of issues.

I really did want to change the world. I saw the world out there and the old people catalyzing it and running it into the ground. I wanted to save the environment forever and preserve it. I used to look out at my mother's backyard and wonder will this be here next year? Will we be here? Will the rainforest be here? Will there be a Nuclear Horticulturalist? So to change the world I signed up for the *Australian Youth Leadership Summit Round Table Advisory Committee* to take control. But don't get me wrong I'm not crazy. I'm not one of those femo-nazis, I'm not a communist or terrorist, I half believe in God, and I love Australia.

When I arrived at the *Australian Youth Leadership Summit Round Table Advisory Committee* I felt a buzz of excitement. We were a diverse

group. We were all from different Grammar schools across Australia but united by one cause "being the youth of tomorrow, today: The Youth of the M o m e n t . . ." I was touched by the blessing of the conference by the local indigenous people, it made me truly realise that this great land is a tolerant multicultural society with religious



Above: The Leaders of tomorrow - Leading today.

toleraticibility of indigenous people. I think young people and indigenous people have a lot in common.

We soon sat down in the conference and began to engage in what we had been told was 'youth politics' in our 'small groups'. But then the fighting started — not everybody agreed on what the youth should do about the world's problems. But then I had an amazing experience. I realised that we all hated one thing, 'politics'. I told the groups that I thought we should focus our attention on why we didn't like politics. It really took off. You see I don't like politics because politics is the old people telling us what to think, who to be, and what to be. Its all about them pushing the youth round. Jenny the South Australian Gay Jewish Asian Lesbian rural township delegate in a wheelchair said that politics was about ideas that just weren't in touch with youth concerns. We decided that we wanted youth ideas.

However, we just couldn't agree on who the youth were. We knew we wanted more youth in parliament but did Natasha count? Some people thought you had to be over 16 to be 'youth', while others thought once you were 22 you weren't youth anymore. This is the type of discussion and progress that could only occur at the *Australian Youth Leadership Summit Round Table Advisory Committee*.

We all agreed that we believed in the youth and we believed that as our motion put it so elequantly, "The Youth is Good". I said we fight youth apathy. So many young people just don't care about saving the world. Even in my role as prefect I found people apathetic to the cause of the environment and starving African-babies. Nobody wanted to donate money so we could go on a safari to visit the school's foster child in Belconnen High School.

After returning home I realised that I had learn a lot about being a Young, Australian, leader at the *Australian Youth Leadership Summit Round Table Advisory Committee*. I love Australia's multiculturalism, our implied freedom of political speech in some instances, and mateship, especially with the indigenous people (may they roam the outback forever). All I want to say is...I am...you are...we are...Australian.



Above: From the moment we arrived we knew the fate of the world was in our hands!

NUS Officer: Howard Government to Blame for My Lack of Sexual Success

Gillian Tidwinkle

In Student Politics news: The National Union of Students Liason Officer has blamed the Howard government's policies for his lack of sexual success. Andrew Lynn a Labor Left delegate said, "I haven't picked up since the Howard government came into power. It is their recalcitrant policiesthat have stopped me from scoring." However, NUS has split over the issue with the Southern Liason Officer stating that they do not blame the Howard government's policies but rather the Labor Right faction within NUS for the lack of picking up among Labor Left NUS delegates. The Southern Liason Officer said, "The Right's factional warfare creates an environment unconducive to sexual success. They did a deal with the Liberals to ensure that none of us pick-up." The Labor Right responded by claiming that Andrew does not pick up because he is "fat, ugly, and has no legs."

In other Student Politics News, the ANU Education Department has noted that the Student's Association has lacked a viable foreign policy formation procedure. According to their President Bill, "The SA has no genuine foreign policy." Bill added

Right: Andrew Lynn denies that he has no legs.



that "foreign policy is a big concern to ANU students, as many of them are studying International Relations. It's time we let them put that theory into practice."

The Department does not believe they can double as an ANU Foreign policy office. While they have done their best to fight the War on Terror this year, their \$5,000 budget makes it hard. According to Bill, "The Ed Department really needs to focus on education issues unique to students like refugees, Trade Unions, and women's liberation." The Education Officer is paid an honorarium of \$1,100 (making it the second highest paid communist position in Australia behind the NUS Presidency). Bill feels a Foreign Policy Department would allow students to have a say on issues that really affect them like the WTO, Globalization, and the War on Terror.

★ Are you concerned by the Monash and Washington Shootings?
★ Do you think it could happen here?

Never Fear because now, brought to you by the same people who gave you campus safety committee, we have the
ANU Security Strike Force

ANU Security is a super efficient law enforcement machine. Call us if someone enters your tutorial with a firearm and we will be there within half an hour to help. If they are very dangerous we will then call the real police or the tallest security guard on campus. We've been keeping the peace here for 20 years. We stop students from putting posters up on walls, we keep people off the grass, and we yell at people who are drunk. That's why we are ready to protect you... between the hours of 9am-5pm..



Above: ANU Security Strike Force personnel talk to real swat team dude.



Above: Don't worry this won't be you as long as ANU Security Strike Force is on the case.

These are a few of our favourite... censors



by Mark Thomson

The 'Strine would like to thank all those who competed in our annual inaugural award for service to ideological rectitude. Congratulations to all!

Alastair Lawrie :

Alastair Lawrie is one of the most formidable-queer theorists to emerge from the Queensland squattocracy, the Democrats and the Australian Labor Party. Alastair famously argued that the phrase "bisexual monkey fuckers" should be changed to "bisexual-monkeys fucking". "Just so long as it's clear that the monkeys are fucking *each other, consensually*," he said. We applaud Alastair's work as self-appointed censor of the ANU Law Revue and Jim Davis' torts lectures, and his long and hard campaign to have hermaphrodites recognised under the Students' Association Constitution. We were glad to see that our learned friend's ethic of toleration and joyness never extended to his enemies, the Campus Christians, and that his queer politics did not prevent him from campaigning for his father, a National Party candidate in the Queensland election. Good luck banning Easter and Christmas big boy.

Honourable Mentions

Katie Harridan (1998)

Famously referred to her cunt as "tasty, juicy and moist" while arguing for the dismissal of *Woroni* editor Brendan Shanahan at a Students' Association General Meeting.

Roslyn Dundas (2000)

Mysteriously found racism, sexism and homophobia in any article which referred to her then boyfriend Jason Wood. Elected by accident to the Legislative Assembly in 2001.

Maciej Wasilewicz (2001)

Objected to the sexist use of the term "college boys" in an article which exposed their bigotries.

Nadia Docrat (2002)

Argued that the phrase "footballer wife-swap" was homophobic, because it denied footballers the opportunity to swap boyfriends.

Aveline Rubinsteyn (2001)

Claimed that a fictitious John Hopoate gay porn film associated homosexuality with "violent, non-consensual anal penetration," something I have been failing to do for years.

Queer Collective Randoms (2002)

Did not realise that a reference to "Kristen Bjorn, Grand Octopussy of the Supreme Homosexual Council, a fully owned subsidiary of the Elders of Zion International Conspiracy of Jewish Bankers (EZICJB)" was intended as a joke. Censored a joke about ties between Governor General Peter Hollingworth and the Australian Man Boy Love Association.

Elena Rosenman (2001)

Majored in cultural studies.

Help Us Save You From Yourself

Mrs. Sibyl Peacock and Dorothy Clogs
Campus Ladies' Revolutionary Front, Blow-Job Auxiliary

In an ideal world, there would be no need for censorship, but our campus is ablaze with racism, sexism and homophobia, and student journalists are to blame.

Some people want to underestimate the influence of student journalism. But I know at least three people whose politics were fundamentally changed by my article in the *Women's Handbook*. As many as 300 people read *Woroni* every month, so that makes it 100 times more powerful. And remember that not everyone who reads *Woroni* is as well educated and emotionally stable as Dorothy and I. Imagine a boy, Johnny from Woolongong, the victim of homophobia throughout all of his young life, closeted and alone. He reads a homophobic article in *Woroni* and kills himself. Or what about the bogans who make it to Uni? In our experience, they will do anything you tell them to, and they are naturally brutish and violent and hopelessly bigoted. It would be simply naïve to assume that free and untrammelled discourse is appropriate in a university, with so many young and impressionable people around. We would call upon the editors to adopt the *Egg-Shell Brain Rule*, and remove anything from *Woroni* that might offend or incite the weakest minds among us.

Dorothy and I have found that four or even three ideas can utterly change your life and your outlook on the world. Ideas are really dangerous and powerful. More precisely, our ideas are powerful and other people's are dangerous. That is why censorship is an extremely important political tool, even if it has been misused by the fascists to maintain hegemony.

John Stuart Mill was a very nice man, and we can't see how he would have wanted anyone to become a racist. So we should be very careful about reading his *On Liberty* too literally. After all, can you be really free without being a socialist as well? We couldn't. And

furthermore, put it in context. In his time, Mill was very right to defend the right of people to question religion and "the commonly received doctrines of morality": "These are exactly the occasions on which the men of one generation commit those dreadful mistakes, which excite the astonishment and horror of posterity." Mill was also very right to say that censors in the nineteenth century were "fallible", because we all know that they were sexist, racist and homophobic. But now we modern censors are not those things, so we are infallible. Our liberation movements have reached a whole new phase, in which we realise that it is important not just to resist oppression but to disempower the oppressors. The fact that in the real world, censorship is still used to ban gay porn and marginal political opinions makes it all the more important that we strike back in university publications, and make a New Jerusalem out on the campuses. Anyway, the people we're trying to ban are filthy, dangerous, delusional and fanatical.

But what about the 'Strine? Well, irony is very specially dangerous because it says one thing but means another. Sometimes it is difficult to find out what this other thing is. I mean look at that article about the Aborigines in the last issue of the 'Strine. Who would have thought that the editors would have concealed the racism of their opinions by attributing them to a notorious Australian 'revisionist' (Keith Windshuttle), calling him a revisionist, equating him with that Nazi David Irving, and then parodying his historical method? All that just so they could talk about killing and eating Aborigines! I mean read between the lines children! This article was just as bad and wrong as that fascist Christian Jonathan Swift advocating eating all those Irish babies in his *A Modest Proposal*. We think that saying things like that is offensive, whether they're ironic or not.

Rest In Peace Satire (1689-2002): "You Were Too Clever for the World"

Today satire in the student newspaper has been abolished after a focus group that revealed the student community was in fact too stupid for satire. The focus group revealed that many student's ideas could be changed by the 'Strine's satire but not in the way that was originally intended.

Richard, a second year Engineering student, was shown Monty Python. Within two weeks he had established a fish fighting league in his local town of Tuggeranong. According to the focus group convenor Mr Wanker, Richard was also exposed to *Spinal Tap*, *The*

Rockumentary, with devastating effects. Richard spent three days searching music stores and web sites for *Spinal Tap* CD's. Mr Wanker said, "On Thursday we thought he figured it out when he said there was a problem with his search. But then he said he thought the problem was that he was looking under 'tap' instead of 'spinal'."

Jessie, a 3rd Year Asian Studies student, had recently been watching *Life Support*. Unfortunately she did not realise this was not a reality Television program. Jessie began to model her life on Sigourney the leading character. Within three

weeks Jessie had a vasectomy, dated an ex-con, and faked a mugging so she could have the police sketch artist draw her perfect man and put the cops on the chase. She also constructed a detention centre in her backyard on Todd's advice at the cost of \$15,000 and was devastated to hear that the government weren't actually adopting refugees out.

Mr Wanker noted that the 'Strine was particularly dangerous as "Many students actually follow their advice after reading it, and it's the only thing in *Woroni* anyone ever reads." In fact a 2nd Year science student after reading the article about Abo-

iginal massacres, failed to view it as satire, and subsequently went home and murdered and ate his Pakistani neighbours.

The evidence proves once and for all that people are too stupid to understand the basic concepts of irony, sarcasm, and humour. Consequently, today undergraduate satire is being put to rest due to the harmful impact it can have on society. Instead satire will be replaced with important earnest articles about how really really left-wing students can change the world. These articles will make their readers better people.



like, 'Oh, oral whatever, I blew my mailman yesterday.'

—A girl and a guy in at triple Rock

In this vein, allow us to drop a few gems from the hallowed halls of ANU:

"So, Rene's buying a house."

"You're kidding me!"

"Nup."

"How can she afford to do that with the price of alcohol these days?"

—Two girls at the Uni Bar

"In this class, there will be a lot of reading—some of it quite hard too. There are several texts on the course, and you should at least read them. So, have a look at the course outline, and if it seems this class is not for you, maybe you should just go and do film, or Jane Austen or something."

—ANU English lecturer, first class of Semester 2

"I'm fucking this city to death."

—An able bodied young man, en route to Mooseheads perhaps?



Scene is seen

We may have lost Gypsy's after New Year's 2001, but Toast has made it onto every self-respecting uni student's agenda with a vengeance.

Performance poetry, local bands, comic launches, DJ's playing to crowds or just one or two members of the Enviro collective—it's all been happening at the place with those same time honoured paintings bought from the Kingston Bus Depot markets. With an ambience that comes somewhere between a funky establishment of the Sydney variety and the Belconnen Youth Centre, is Toast. And we're glad to see it at last in a location just a mere stumble up the stairs from Electric Shadows.

Arebar hosted some impressive karaoke evenings for those who had moved on from the first come first served approach of their less discerning counterpart, Jackson's. Cube became the new mecca for the gay community and all their heterosexual female friends, and Mooseheads—well, it went to that great sleazy hole in the sky, and ADEA cadets and their lecturers alike mourned its loss. Otherwise, the comfy brown couch and a bag of goon could be anyone's nightspot. Just add some early '90s music and a few "neighbourly" visits from the police, courtesy of Mr and Mrs 2.3 children who had the audacity to live behind a student house, and hey presto! A rockin' night club all of your own.

"I've never done so little uni

with cameo wisconsin

woroni's best of 2002

work—ever."

If I had a dollar for every time I heard this phrase, well I'd be stretching out in a flat in Lyncham with all my coins stuffed under the bed, and living like prince off Government money, thanks very much Centrelink. Anyway, it seems we're not the only ones to hit peak assessment time and have done, oh, nothing. Two essays, an exam for a class you haven't been to yet, 5 parties, a house inspection, your grandmother's funeral and your boss is sick and you have to work full time? That's nothing. I've got to....

Pop is punk

After everyone wet themselves over the Strokes in 2000-2001, The White Stripes, The Vines, Black Motorcycle Rebel Club and The Hives have all secured themselves a place in many a uni student's two bit CD player/sister's old discman with speakers.

It became time for us all to mull over how hard it was to be a middle class suburban kid these days, with only access to the most basic of music creating computer software. Craig Nicholls trashed his instruments on stage, and trying not to spill bong water on the playstation while watching The Vines on rage, we loved him all the more for it. A guy an his computer at home were even able to win Unearthed, although he subsequently struggled to get a band together for the "big gig" at UC Bar with D-list Triple J celebrities.

The critics struggled to find a genre for this "new" raw, DIY sound. Was it Indie? Was it grunge? Was it synth-alternative-pop-punk-rock? And then everyone ran out of hyphens, and the genre quest was abandoned by all

except the surly staff at Impact.

All's fair in sex, love and porn

Cybersex was so a few years ago. Copies of "Gang bang girls 18" and "Buffy the Vampire layer" were out for proud display at many a group house party. Students could write essays on lesbian pornography in your law classes. Well respected public servants put their profiles on Gaydar.com with a mug "suit and tie shot", followed by a photo of them clad in full rubber suit, professing an interest in "group sex and other activities". Fuck, even the Christians baredly raised an eyebrow at the yawn worthy condoms in the SA showbags,



and lube, dams and female condoms were practically free flowing from health centres around town. Everyone who was anyone got spammed by hotmail to exhaustion with offers of penis enlargements and "hot wet virgin sluts licking horses out." Even bestial-

ity could be bandied out by those from faculties other than Forestry and Engineering. And when the Prudes and Porn stars Art School ball rocked around, the nerds were far more audacious than the hot pants and nurse's outfits. Even the *Good Weekend* was running stories on porn magnates. Where could a sex obsessed uni population turn to for new inspiration? While the punters wonder and anticipate the new trend, be assured that somewhere, in a dark, lonely Science basement a couple of PHD students are working on the androgynous droid cyborg to answer all your questions, *Buffy* and *Weird Science* style...

Ah, 2002. It's been an...interesting year.

In Canberra 2002, and more specifically, the ANU, it was the best of times, it was the worst of times. We at *Woroni* shall allow you, dear reader, to draw your own lines in the best and worst sand, but for me at least there were many disappointments. Unbelievably, *Big Brother Two* was as inane and trite as *Big Brother One*. *Degrassi: the new generation* was far too much Spike's daughter Emma and her annoying 12 year old friends, and far too little Spike getting it on with Snake, the IT and "cool" homeroom teacher back at Junior High. Mooseheads burned down, but then they promised to reopen it. Law lecturers showed a wanton disregard for "class free periods". Milli Vanilli never did make that long promised come back. Wide belts defied and bemused the fashion savy and knockers alike and were sold by the handfuls in the Canberra Centre. And the Canberra public service population continued to drive their Government cars past my beat up student Laser. Arguably, my version of the 2002 unthinkable was in fact entirely thinkable. But allow me to ruminate on the year that was...

Eavesdropping— do it for your university

The new sport of the chic "it" crowd this year was definitely eavesdropping. Anyone who is anyone is now doing it, dahhlings. Inspired in part by inpassing.org, the brain child of a Berkeley student with a palm pilot who records all the zany and wacked out words of "wisdom" she overhears in restaurants, bars, on the bus, in lectures, you name it. She then posts it on her website which is updated almost daily. Such delights have included the following...

"It's not like she was getting some right away."

"She got oral some."

"Oh well yeah, but..."

"I swear, I'm the only person I know who considers oral sex to be an act in and of itself. Everyone's

Off campus accommodation – for assistance check out our new website or visit our shopfront at the Students' Association office in Union Court - opening in January 2003.

Housing Online — a list of accommodation wanted and available on the World Wide Web. List your room for free! Check out http://accom.anu.edu.au/Housing_Online.asp

ANU Rental Guarantee – looking to rent a place of your own or to share but no rental reference? Contact us about the University's rental guarantee scheme or visit the website: http://accom.anu.edu.au/Rent_Guarantee.asp

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phone: 6125 1100 (x51100 internal)

would you
like that sugar
coated?



the world is fucked
have a nice day